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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
S. T. COLERIDGE,
INCLUDING THE DRAMAS OF
WALLENSTEIN, REMORSE, AND ZAPOLYA.

IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOL. II.

LONDON:
WILLIAM PICKERING.
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THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.
IN SEVEN PARTS.

Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non diffiteor, quandoque in animo, tanquam in Tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET : ARCHÆOL. PHIL. p. 68.

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
“ By the long grey beard and glittering eye,
“ Now wherefore stopp’st thou me ?

An ancient
Mariner meet-
eth three Gal-
lants bidden to
a wedding-
feast, and de-
taineth one.

“ The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
“ And I am next of kin ;
“ The guests are met, the feast is set :
“ May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand,
“ There was a ship,” quoth he.
“ Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon !”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old sea-faring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—

The wedding-guest stood still,

And listens like a three years child :

The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone :

He cannot chuse but hear ;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop

Below the kirk, below the hill,

Below the light house top.

The Mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

The Sun came up upon the left,

Out of the sea came he!

And he shone bright, and on the right

Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,

Till over the mast at noon—

The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,

For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding
guest heareth
the bridal
music ; but
the mariner
continueth
his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the STORM-BLAST came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship
drawn by a
storm toward
the south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

The land of
ice, and of
fearful
sounds, where
no living
thing was to
be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came through
the snow-fog,
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

At length did cross an Albatross ;
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;
The helmsman steered us through !

And lo ! the
Albatross
proveth a bird
of good omen,
and followeth
the ship as it
returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ? ”—With my cross-bow
I shot the ALBATROSS.

*The ancient
Mariner
inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.*

And the Al-
batross begins
to be avenged.

Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot : O Christ !
That ever this should be !
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A spirit had
followed
them ; one of
the invisible
inhabitants of
this planet,
neither depar-
ted souls nor
angels ; con-
cerning whom

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psel-
lus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or ele-
ment without one or more.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

The ship-
mates, in their
sore distress,
would fain
throw the
whole guilt on
the ancient
Mariner: in
sign whereof
they hang the
dead sea-bird
round his
neck-

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.
PART THE THIRD.

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

The ancient
Mariner be-
holdeth a sign
in the element
afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail ;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail ! a sail !

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship ; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call :
 Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

A flash of joy.

See ! See ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
 Hither to work us weal ;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel !

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes on-ward without wind or tide ?

The western wave was all a-flame.
 The day was well nigh done !
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun ;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace !)

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those *her* sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres !

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting Sun.

The spectre-
woman and
her death-
mate, and no
other on board
the skeleton-
ship.

Like vessel,
like crew !

Are those *her* ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate ?

And is that Woman all her crew ?

Is that a DEATH ? and are there two ?

Is DEATH that woman's mate ?

Her lips were red, *her* looks were free,

Her locks were yellow as gold :

Her skin was as white as leprosy,

The Night-Mare LIFE-IN-DEATH was she,

Who thicks man's blood with cold.

DEATH, and
LIFE-IN-
DEATH have
diced for the
ship's crew,
and she (the
latter) winneth
the ancient
Mariner.

The naked hulk alongside came,

And the twain were casting dice ;

“ The game is done ! I've, I've won ! ”

Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips ; the stars rush out :
 At one stride comes the Dark ;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

No twilight
 within the
 courts of the
 sun.

We listened and looked sideways up !
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life-blood seemed to sip !
 The stars were dim, and thick the night,
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
 white ;
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned Moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

At the rising
 of the Moon,

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
 Too quick for groan or sigh
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

One after
 another,

Four times fifty living men,
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

His shipmates
 drop down
 dead ;

But LIFE-IN-DEATH be-
gins her work on the ancient
Mariner. The souls did from their bodies fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my CROSS-BOW!

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE FOURTH.

“ I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand !
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.*

The wedding
guest feareth
that a spirit is
talking to him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest !
This body dropt not down.

But the an-
cient Mariner
assureth him
of his bodily
life, and pro-
ceedeth to re-
late his horri-
ble penance.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

* For the two last lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. WORDSWORTH. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the Autumn of 1797, that this Poem was planned, and in part composed.

He despiseth
the creatures
of the calm.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envieth
that they
should live,
and so many
lie dead.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray ;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat ;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

But the curse
liveth for him
in the eye of
the dead men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they ;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
 A spirit from on high ;
 But oh ! more horrible than that
 Is a curse in a dead man's eye !
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And no where did abide :
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside—

In his loneli-
 ness and fixed-
 ness he yearn-
 eth towards
 the journeying
 Moon, and the
 stars that still
 sojourn, yet
 still move on-

ward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
 Like April hoar-frost spread ;
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt away
 A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes :
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

By the light
 of the Moon
 he beholdeth
 God's crea-
 tures of the
 great calm.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam ; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

O happy living things ! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell be-
gins to break.

The self same moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.
PART THE FIFTH.

OH SLEEP ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient Mari-
ner is refresh-
ed with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
 I was so light—almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

He heareth
 sounds and
 seeth strange
 sights and
 commotions in
 the sky and
 the element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
 It did not come anear ;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about !
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
 And the rain poured down from one black
 cloud ;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side :

Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies of
the ship's
crew are
inspired, and
the ship moves
on ;

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes ;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee :
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.

But not by
the souls of
the men, nor
by dæmons of
earth or mid-
dle air, but by
a blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the
invocation of
the guardian
saint.

“ I fear thee, ancient Mariner !”

Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest !

’Twas not those souls that fled in pain,

Which to their corsers came again,

But a troop of spirits blest :

For when it dawned—they dropped their arms,

And clustered round the mast ;

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

Then darted to the Sun ;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky

I heard the sky-lark sing ;

Sometimes all little birds that are,

How they seemed to fill the sea and air

With their sweet jargoning !

And now ’twas like all instruments,

Now like a lonely flute ;

And now it is an angel’s song,

That makes the Heavens be mute.

It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lonesome
spirit from the
south-pole
carries on the
ship as far as
the line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but
still requireth
vengeance.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound :
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar
 Spirit's fel-
 low dæmons,
 the invisible
 inhabitants of
 the element,
 take part in
 his wrong ;
 and two of
 them relate,
 one to the
 other, that
 penance long
 and heavy for
 the ancient
 Mariner hath
 been accorded
 to the Polar
 Spirit, who
 returneth
 southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare ;
 But ere my living life returned,
 I heard and in my soul discerned
 Two VOICES in the air.

“ Is it he ? ” quoth one, “ Is this the man ?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low
 The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honey-dew :
 Quoth he, “ The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.”

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE SIXTH.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the OCEAN doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The OCEAN hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

The Mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance; for
the angelic
power causeth
the vessel to
drive north-
ward faster
than human
life could
endure.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

The superna-
tural motion
is retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt : once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

The curse is
finally
expiated.

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

And the an-
cient Mariner
beholdeth his
native
country.

Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

The angelic
spirits leave
the dead
bodies,

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ ! what saw I there !

And appear
in their own
forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
It was a heavenly sight !
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast :
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in he wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

THE RIME
OF
THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART THE SEVENTH.

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

The Hermit
of the Wood,

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump :
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
“ Why this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now ? ”

Approacheth
the ship with
wonder.

“ Strange, by my faith !” the Hermit said—

“ And they answered not our cheer !

The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,

How thin they are and sere !

I never saw aught like to them,

Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag

My forest-brook along ;

When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,

And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,

That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“ Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—

(The Pilot made reply)

I am a-feared”—“ Push on, push on !”

Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,

But I nor spake nor stirred ;

The boat came close beneath the ship,

And straight a sound was heard.

The ship sud-
denly sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,

Still louder and more dread :

It reached the ship, it split the bay ;

The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
“ Ha ! ha ! ” quoth he, “ full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !

The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly
entreateth the
Hermit to
shrieve him ;
and the pe-
nance of life
falls on him.

“ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !”

The Hermit crossed his brow.

“ Say quick,” quoth he, “ I bid thee say—

What manner of man art thou ?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

And ever and
anon through-
out his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,

That agony returns :

And till my ghastly tale is told,

This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :

But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell
'To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

And to teach,
by his own
example,
love and
reverence to
all things that
God made and
loveth.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

CHRISTABEL.

PREFACE.*

THE first part of the following poem was written in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety seven, at Stowey in the county of Somerset. The second part, after my return from Germany, in the year one thousand eight hundred, at Keswick, Cumberland. Since the latter date, my poetic powers have been, till very lately in a state of suspended animation. But as, in my very first conception of the tale, I had the whole present to my mind, with the wholeness, no less than with the loveliness of a vision, I trust that I shall yet be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come.

It is probable, that if the poem had been finished at either of the former periods, or if even the first and second part had been published in the year 1800, the impression of its originality would have been much greater than I dare at present expect. But for this, I have only my own indolence to blame. The dates are mentioned for the exclusive purpose of precluding charges of plagiarism or servile imitation from myself. For there is amongst us a set of critics, who seem to hold, that every possible thought and image is traditional; who have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world, small as well as great; and who would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing, from a perforation made in some other man's tank. I am confident, however, that as for as the present

* To the edition of 1816.

poem is concerned, the celebrated poets whose writings I might be suspected of having imitated, either in particular passages, or in the tone and the spirit of the whole, would be among the first to vindicate me from the charge, and who, on any striking coincidence, would permit me to address them in this dog-grel version of two monkish Latin hexameters.

'Tis mine and it is likewise your's
But an if this will not do ;
Let it be mine, good friend ! for I
Am the poorer of the two.

I have only to add, that the metre of the *Christabel* is not properly speaking, irregular, though it may seem so from its being founded on a new principle : namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables. Though the latter may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four. Nevertheless this occasional variation in number of syllables is not introduced wantonly, or for the mere ends of convenience, but in correspondence with some transition, in the nature of the imagery or passion.

CHRISTABEL.

PART THE FIRST.

"TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff, which
From her kennel beneath the rock
Maketh answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, by shine and shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say, she sees my lady's shroud.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.

The moon is behind, and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray :
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate ?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight ;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe :
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel !
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—

On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush beating heart of Christabel !
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were

And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou ?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness :
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear !
Said Christabel, How camest thou here ?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yesternorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.

They spurred amain, their steeds were white ;
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak,
He swore they would return with haste ;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she,)
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine :
O well, bright dame ! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline ;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withall
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall.

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious STARS the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell ;
Sir Leoline is weak in health
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me.

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
The gate that was ironed within and without,
Where an army in battle array had marched out.
The lady sank, belike through pain,
And Christabel with might and main
Lifted her up, a weary weight,
Over the threshold of the gate :
Then the lady rose again,
And moved, as she were not in pain.

So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

And Christabel devoutly cried
To the lady by her side,
Praise we the Virgin all divine
Who hath rescued thee from thy distress !
Alas, alas ! said Geraldine,
I cannot speak for weariness.
So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court : right glad they were.

Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make !
And what can ail the mastiff bitch ?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch :
For what can ail the mastiff bitch ?

They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
The brands were flat, the brands were dying,
Amid their own white ashes lying ;
But when the lady passed, there came
A tongue of light, a fit of flame ;

And Christabel saw the lady's eye,
And nothing else saw she thereby,
Save the boss of the shield of Sir Leoline tall,
Which hung in a murky old niche in the wall.
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare
And jealous of the listening air
They steal their way from stair to stair
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.

The moon shines dim in the open air,
And not a moonbeam enters here.
But they without its light can see
The chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet :
The lamp with twofold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet.

The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

And will your mother pity me,
Who am a maiden most forlorn ?
Christabel answered—Woe is me !
She died the hour that I was born.
I have heard the grey-haired friar tell,
How on her death-bed she did say,
That she should hear the castle-bell
Strike twelve upon my wedding day.
O mother dear ! that thou wert here !
I would, said Geraldine, she were !

But soon with altered voice, said she—
“ Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !
“ I have power to bid thee flee.”
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?

Why stares she with unsettled eye?
Can she the bodiless dead espy?
And why with hollow voice cries she,
“ Off, woman, off! this hour is mine—
“ Though thou her guardian spirit be,
“ Off, woman off! ’tis given to me.”

Then Christabel knelt by the lady’s side,
And raised to heaven her eyes so blue—
Alas! said she, this ghastly ride—
Dear lady! it hath wildered you!
The lady wiped her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, “ ’tis over now!”

Again the wild-flower wine she drank:
Her fair large eyes ’gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,

Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be!
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close;
So half-way from the bed she rose,
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around;
Then drawing in her breath aloud,
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast:
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——

A sight to dream of, not to tell !
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs ;
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side !—
And in her arms the maid she took,

Ah wel-a-day !

And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say :
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heardest a low moaning,

And foundest a bright lady, surpassingly fair :
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in
 charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

THE
CONCLUSION TO PART THE FIRST.

It was a lovely sight to see
The lady Christabel, when she
Was praying at the old oak tree.
 Amid the jagged shadows
 Of mossy leafless boughs,
 Kneeling in the moonlight,
 To make her gentle vows ;
Her slender palms together prest,
Heaving sometimes on her breast ;
Her face resigned to bliss or bale—
Her face, oh call it fair not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,

Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree ?
And lo ! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.

A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will ! By tairn and rill,
The night-birds all that hour were still.
But now they are jubilant anew,
From cliff and tower, tu—whoo ! tu—whoo !
Tu—whoo ! tu—whoo ! from wood and fell !

And see ! the lady Christabel
Gathers herself from out her trance ;
Her limbs relax, her countenance
Grows sad and soft ; the smooth thin lids
Close o'er her eyes ; and tears she sheds—
Large tears that leave the lashes bright !
And oft the while she seems to smile
As infants at a sudden light !

Yea, she doth smile, and she doth weep,
Like a youthful hermitess,
Beauteous in a wilderness,
Who, praying always, prays in sleep.
And, if she move unquietly,
Perchance, 'tis but the blood so free,
Comes back and tingles in her feet.
No doubt, she hath a vision sweet.
What if her guardian spirit 'twere,
What if she knew her mother near?
But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

CHRISTABEL.

PART THE SECOND.

EACH matin bell, the Baron saith,
Knells us back to a world of death.
These words Sir Leoline first said,
When he rose and found his lady dead :
These words Sir Leoline will say,
Many a morn to his dying day !

And hence the custom and law began,
That still at dawn the sacristan,
Who duly pulls the heavy bell,
Five and forty beads must tell
Between each stroke—a warning knell,
Which not a soul can choose but hear
From Bratha Head to Wyndermere.

Saith Bracy the bard, So let it knell !
And let the drowsy sacristan
Still count as slowly as he can !

There is no lack of such, I ween
As well fill up the space between.
In Langdale Pike and Witch's Lair,
And Dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
With ropes of rock and bells of air
Three sinful sexton's ghosts are pent,
Who all give back, one after t'other,
The death-note to their living brother ;
And oft too, by the knell offended,
Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
The devil mocks the doleful tale
With a merry peal from Borrowdale.

The air is still ! through mist and cloud
That merry peal comes ringing loud ;
And Geraldine shakes of her dread,
And rises lightly from the bed ;
Puts on her silken vestments white,
And tricks her hair in lovely plight,
And nothing doubting of her spell
Awakens the lady Christabel.

“ Sleep you, sweet lady Christabel ?

“ I trust that you have rested well.”

And Christabel awoke and spied
The same who lay down by her side—

O rather say, the same whom she
Raised up beneath the old oak tree !
Nay, fairer yet ! and yet more fair !
For she belike hath drunken deep
Of all the blessedness of sleep !
And while she spake, her looks, her air
Such gentle thankfulness declare,
That (so it seemed) her girded vests
Grew tight beneath her heaving breasts.
“ Sure I have sinned ! ” said Christabel,
“ Now heaven be praised if all be well ! ”
And in low faltering tones, yet sweet,
Did she the lofty lady greet
With such perplexity of mind
As dreams too lively leave behind.

So quickly she rose, and quickly arrayed
Her maiden limbs, and having prayed
That He, who on the cross did groan,
Might wash away her sins unknwon,
She forthwith led fair Geraldine
To meet her sire, Sir Leoline.

The lovely maid and the lady tall
Are pacing both into the hall,

And pacing on through page and groom
Enter the Baron's presence room.

The Baron rose, and while he prest
His gentle daughter to his breast,
With cheerful wonder in his eyes
The lady Geraldine espies,
And gave such welcome to the same,
As might beseem so bright a dame !

But when he heard the lady's tale,
And when she told her father's name,
Why waxed Sir Leoline so pale,
Murmuring o'er the name again,
Lord Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine ?

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :

They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Sir Leoline, a moment's space,
Stood gazing on the damsel's face:
And the youthful Lord of Tryermaine
Came back upon his heart again.

O then the Baron forgot his age,
His noble heart swelled high with rage;
He swore by the wounds in Jesu's side,
He would proclaim it far and wide
With trump and solemn heraldry,
That they, who thus had wronged the dame,
Were base as spotted infamy!
“ And if they dare deny the same,
“ My herald shall appoint a week,
“ And let the recreant traitors seek
“ My tourney court—that there and then

“ I may dislodge their reptile souls
“ From the bodies and forms of men !”
He spake : his eye in lightning rolls !
For the lady was ruthlessly seized ; and he kenned
In the beautiful lady the child of his friend !

And now the tears were on his face,
And fondly in his arms he took
Fair Geraldine, who met the embrace,
Prolonging it with joyous look.
Which when she viewed, a vision fell
Upon the soul of Christabel,
The vision of fear, the touch and pain !
She shrunk and shuddered, and saw again
(Ah, woe is me ! Was it for thee,
Thou gentle maid ! such sights to see ?)

Again she saw that bosom old,
Again she felt that bosom cold,
And drew in her breath with a hissing sound :
Whereat the Knight turned wildly round,
And nothing saw, but his own sweet maid
With eyes upraised, as one that prayed.

The touch, the sight, had passed away,
And in its stead that vision blest,

Which comforted her after-rest,
While in the lady's arms she lay,
Had put a rapture in her breast,
And on her lips and o'er her eyes
Spread smiles like light!

With new surprise,
“What ails then my beloved child?”
The Baron said—His daughter mild
Made answer, “All will yet be well!”
I ween, she had no power to tell
Aught else: so mighty was the spell.

Yet he, who saw this Geraldine,
Had deemed her sure a thing divine.
Such sorrow with such grace she blended,
As if she feared, she had offended
Sweet Christabel, that gentle maid!
And with such lowly tones she prayed,
She might be sent without delay
Home to her father's mansion.

“Nay!

“Nay, by my soul!” said Leoline.

“Ho! Bracy the bard, the charge be thine!

“Go thou, with music sweet and loud,

“And take two steeds with trappings proud,

“ And take the youth whom thou lov’st best
“ To bear thy harp, and learn thy song,
“ And clothe you both in solemn vest,
“ And over the mountains haste along,
“ Lest wandering folk, that are abroad,
“ Detain you on the valley road.
“ And when he has crossed the Irthing flood,
“ My merry bard ! he hastes, he hastes
“ Up Knorren Moor, through Halegarth Wood,
“ And reaches soon that castle good
“ Which stands and threatens Scotland’s wastes.

“ Bard Bracy ! bard Bracy ! your horses are fleet,
“ Ye must ride up the ³¹ hall, your music so sweet,
“ More loud than your horses’ echoing feet !
“ And loud and loud to Lord Roland call,
“ Thy daughter is safe in Langdale hall !
“ Thy beautiful daughter is safe and free—
“ Sir Leoline greets thee thus through me.
“ He bids thee come without delay
“ With all thy numerous array ;
“ And take thy lovely daughter home :
“ And he will meet thee on the way
“ With all his numerous array
“ White with their panting palfreys’ foam :
“ And by mine honour ! I will say,
“ That I repent me of the day

“ When I spake words of fierce disdain
“ To Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine !—
“ —For since that evil hour hath flown,
“ Many a summer’s sun hath shone ;
“ Yet ne’er found I a friend again
“ Like Roland de Vaux of Tryermaine.”

The lady fell, and clasped his knees,
Her face upraised, her eyes o’erflowing ;
And Bracy replied, with faltering voice,
His gracious hail on all bestowing ;—
Thy words, thou sire of Christabel,
Are sweeter than my harp can tell ;
Yet might I gain a boon of thee,
This day my journey should not be,
So strange a dream hath come to me ;
That I had vowed with music loud
To clear yon wood from thing unblest,
Warned by a vision in my rest !
For in my sleep I saw that dove,
That gentle bird, whom thou dost love,
And call’st by thy own daughter’s name—
Sir Leoline ! I saw the same,
Fluttering, and uttering fearful moan,
Among the green herbs in the forest alone.

Which when I saw and when I heard,
I wonder'd what might ail the bird :
For nothing near it could I see,
Save the grass and green herbs underneath the old tree.

And in my dream, methought, I went
To search out what might there be found ;
And what the sweet bird's trouble meant,
That thus lay fluttering on the ground.
I went and peered, and could descry
No cause for her distressful cry ;
But yet for her dear lady's sake
I stooped, methought the dove to take,
When lo ! I saw a bright green snake
Coiled around its wings and neck.
Green as the herbs on which it couched,
Close by the dove's its head it crouched ;
And with the dove it heaves and stirs,
Swelling its neck as she swelled hers !
I woke ; it was the midnight hour,
The clock was echoing in the tower ;
But though my slumber was gone by,
This dream it would not pass away—
It seems to live upon my eye !
And thence I vowed this self-same day,
With music strong and saintly song

To wander through the forest bare,
Lest aught unholy loiter there.

Thus Bracy said : the Baron, the while,
Half-listening heard him with a smile ;
Then turned to Lady Geraldine,
His eyes made up of wonder and love ;
And said in courtly accents fine,
Sweet maid, Lord Roland's beauteous dove,
With arms more strong than harp or song,
Thy sire and I will crush the snake !
He kissed her forehead as he spake,
And Geraldine in maiden wise,
Casting down her large bright eyes,
With blushing cheek and courtesy fine
She turned her from Sir Leoline ;
Softly gathering up her train,
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,
And looked askance at Christabel——
Jesu, Maria, shield her well !

A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrunk in her head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
And with somewhat of malice, and more of dread

At Christabel she looked askance !—
One moment—and the sight was fled !
But Christabel in dizzy trance
Stumbling on the unsteady ground
Shuddered aloud, with a hissing sound ;
And Geraldine again turned round,
And like a thing, that sought relief,
Full of wonder and full of grief,
She rolled her large bright eyes divine
Wildly on Sir Leoline.

The maid, alas ! her thoughts are gone,
She nothing sees—no sight but one !
The maid, devoid of guile and sin,
I know not how, in fearful wise
So deeply had she drunken in
That look, those shrunken serpent eyes,
That all her features were resigned
To this sole image in her mind :
And passively did imitate
That look of dull and treacherous hate !
And thus she stood, in dizzy trance,
Still picturing that look askance
With forced unconscious sympathy
Full before her father's view——
As far as such a look could be,
In eyes so innocent and blue !

And when the trance was o'er, the maid
Paused awhile, and inly prayed :
Then falling at the Baron's feet,
" By my mother's soul do I entreat
" That thou this woman send away !"
She said : and more she could not say :
For what she knew she could not tell,
O'er-mastered by the mighty spell.

Why is thy cheek so wan and wild,
Sir Leoline ? Thy only child
Lies at thy feet, thy joy, thy pride,
So fair, so innocent, so mild ;
The same, for whom thy lady died !
O by the pangs of her dear mother
Think thou no evil of thy child !
For her, and thee, and for no other,
She prayed the moment ere she died :
Prayed that the babe for whom she died,
Might prove her dear lord's joy and pride !
That prayer her deadly pangs beguiled,
Sir Leoline !
And would'st thou wrong thy only child,
Her child and thine ?

Within the Baron's heart and brain
If thoughts, like these, had any share,

'They only swelled his rage and pain,
And did but work confusion there.
His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quivered, his eyes were wild,
Dishonoured thus in his old age ;
Dishonoured by his only child,
And all his hospitality
To the insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—
He rolled his eye with stern regard
Upon the gentle minstrel bard,
And said in tones abrupt, austere—
Why, Bracy ! dost thou loiter here ?
I bade thee hence ! The bard obeyed ;
And turning from his own sweet maid,
The aged knight, Sir Leoline,
Led forth the lady Geraldine !

THE
CONCLUSION TO PART THE SECOND.

A LITTLE child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks
That always finds, and never seeks,
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light ;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other ;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.

Perhaps 'tis tender too and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what, if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it's most used to do.

PROSE IN RHYME :
OR,
EPIGRAMS, MORALITIES, AND THINGS
WITHOUT A NAME.

**Ερως ἄει λάληδρος ἑταῖρος.*

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal ;
But in far more th' estranged heart lets know
The absence of the love, which yet it fain would shew.

DUTY SURVIVING SELF-LOVE,

THE ONLY SURE FRIEND OF DECLINING LIFE.

A SOLILOQUY.

UNCHANGED within to see all changed without,
Is a blank lot and hard to bear, no doubt.
Yet why at others' Wanings shouldst thou fret?
Then only might'st thou feel a just regret,
Hadst thou withheld thy love or hid thy light
In selfish forethought of neglect and slight.
O wiselier then, from feeble yearnings freed,
While, and on whom, thou may'st—shine on! nor
 heed

Whether the object by reflected light
Return thy radiance or absorb it quite :
And though thou notest from thy safe recess
Old Friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they *are* : nor love them less,
Because to *thee* they are not what they *were*.

PHANTOM OR FACT?

A DIALOGUE IN VERSE.

AUTHOR.

A LOVELY form there sate beside my bed,
And such a feeding calm its presence shed,
A tender Love so pure from earthly leaven
That I unnethe the fancy might control,
'Twas my own spirit newly come from heaven
Wooing its gentle way into my soul!
But ah! the change—It had not stirr'd, and yet—
Alas! that change how fain would I forget?
That shrinking back, like one that had mistook!
That weary, wandering, disavowing Look!
'Twas all another, feature, look, and frame,
And still, methought, I knew, it was the same!

FRIEND.

This riddling Tale, to what does it belong?
Is't History? Vision? or an idle Song?
Or rather say at once, within what space
Of Time this wild disastrous change took place?

AUTHOR.

Call it a *moment's* work (and such it seems)
This Tale's a Fragment from the Life of Dreams ;
But say, that years matur'd the silent strife,
And 'tis a Record from the Dream of Life.

WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

LINES COMPOSED 21st. FEBRUARY, 1827.

ALL Nature seems at work. Stags leave their lair—
The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
And WINTER slumbering in the open air,
Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where Amaranths blow,
Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
Bloom, O ye Amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,
For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!
With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:
And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?
WORK WITHOUT HOPE draws nectar in a sieve,
And HOPE without an object cannot live.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VERSE, a Breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where HOPE clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a maying
 With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,
 When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful *WHEN*!
 Ah for the Change 'twixt Now and Then!
 This breathing House not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er aery Cliffs and glittering Sands,
 How lightly *then* it flashed along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding Lakes and Rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of Sail or Oar,
 That fear no spite of Wind or Tide!
 Nought cared this Body for wind or weather
 When YOUTH and I liv'd in't together.

FLOWERS are lovely; LOVE is flower-like;
 FRIENDSHIP is a sheltering tree;

O the Joys, that came down shower-like,
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,
Ere I was old !

Ere I was old ? Ah woful ERE,
Which tells me, YOUTH's no longer here !
O YOUTH ! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known, that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be, that Thou art gone !
Thy Vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
And thou wert aye a Masker bold !
What strange Disguise hast now put on,
To *make believe*, that thou art gone ?
I see these Locks in silvery slips,
This drooping Gait, this altered Size :
But SPRINGTIDE blossoms on thy Lips,
And Tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
Life is but Thought : so think I will
That YOUTH and I are House-mates still.

A DAY DREAM.

My eyes make pictures, when they are shut :—

I see a Fountain, large and fair, ..

A Willow and a ruined Hut,

And thee, and me and Mary there.

O Mary ! make thy gentle lap our pillow !

Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green Willow !

A wild-rose roofs the ruined shed,

And that and summer well agree :

And lo ! where Mary leans her head,

Two dear names carved upon the tree !

And Mary's tears, they are not tears of sorrow :

Our sister and our friend will both be here to-morrow.

'Twas Day ! But now few, large, and bright

The stars are round the crescent moon !

And now it is a dark warm Night,

The balmiest of the month of June !

A glow-worm fallen, and on the marge remounting
Shines and its shadow shines, fit stars for our sweet
fountain.

O ever—ever be thou blest !
For dearly, ASRA ! love I thee !
This brooding warmth across my breast,
This depth of tranquil bliss—ah me !
Fount, Tree and Shed are gone, I know not whither,
But in one quiet room we three are still together.

'The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire-flames made ;
And now they slumber, moveless all !
And now they melt to one deep shade !
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee :
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel
thee !

Thine eyelash on my cheek doth play—
'Tis Mary's hand upon my brow !
But let me check this tender lay
Which none may hear but she and thou !
Like the still hive at quiet midnight humming,
Murmur it to yourselves, ye two beloved women !

TO A LADY,

OFFENDED BY A SPORTIVE OBSERVATION THAT
WOMEN HAVE NO SOULS.

NAY, dearest Anna! why so grave?
I said, you had no soul, 'tis true!
For what you *are*, you cannot *have*:
'Tis I, that *have* one since I first had *you*!

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS
OF BERENGARIUS.

OB. ANNO DOM. 1088.

No more 'twixt conscience staggering and the Pope
Soon shall I now before my God appear,
By him to be acquitted, as I hope ;
By him to be condemned, as I fear.—

REFLECTION ON THE ABOVE.

Lynx amid moles ! had I stood by thy bed,
Be of good cheer, meek soul ! I would have said :
I see a hope spring from that humble fear.
All are not strong alike through storms to steer
Right onward. What ? though dread of threatened
death
And dungeon torture made thy hand and breath
Inconstant to the truth within thy heart ?
That truth, from which, through fear, thou twice
didst start,
Fear haply told thee, was a learned strife,
Or not so vital as to claim thy life :

And myriads had reached Heaven, who never knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and true!

Ye, who secure 'mid trophies not your own,
Judge him who won them when he stood alone,
And proudly talk of *recreant* BERENGARE—
O first the age, and then the man compare!
That age how dark! congenial minds how rare!
No host of friends with kindred zeal did burn!
No throbbing hearts awaited his return!
Prostrate alike when prince and peasant fell,
He only disenchanted from the spell,
Like the weak worm that gems the starless night,
Moved in the scanty circlet of his light:
And was it strange if he withdrew the ray
That did but guide the night-birds to their pray?

The ascending Day-star with a bolder eye
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
Yet not for this, if wise, will we decry
The spots and struggles of the timid DAWN;
Lest so we tempt th' approaching NOON to scorn
The mists and painted vapours of our MORN.

THE DEVIL'S THOUGHTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the DEVIL is gone,
To visit his little snug farm of the earth
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale
And he went over the plain,
And backward and forward he swished his long tail
As a gentleman swishes his cane.

And how then was the Devil drest?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best :
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

He saw a LAWYER killing a Viper
On a dung heap beside his stable,
And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and *his* brother, Abel.

A POTHECARY on a white horse
 Rode by on his vocations,
 And the Devil thought of his old Friend
 DEATH in the Revelations.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility !
 And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
 Is pride that apes humility.

He went into a rich bookseller's shop,
 Quoth he ! we are both of one college
 For I myself sate like a cormorant once
 Fast by the tree of knowledge.*

* And all amid them stood the TREE OF LIFE
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold (query *paper money* :) and next to Life
 Our Death, the TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, grew fast by.—

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

So clomb this first grand thief——
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
 Sat like a cormorant.—PAR. LOST. IV.

The allegory here is so apt, that in a catalogue of *various readings* obtained from collating the MSS. one might expect to find it noted, that for “LIFE” *Cod. quid. habent*, “TRADE.”

Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
 A pig, with vast celerity,
 And the Devil look'd wise as he saw how the while,
 It cut its own throat. There! quoth he with a smile
 Goes " England's commercial prosperity."

Though indeed THE TRADE, i. e. the bibliopolic, so called *κατ' ἐξόχην* may be regarded as LIFE *sensu eminentiori*; a suggestion, which I owe to a young retailer in the hosiery line, who on hearing a description of the net profits, dinner parties, country houses, &c. of the trade, exclaimed, " Ay! that's what I call LIFE now!"—This " Life, *our* Death," is thus happily contrasted with the fruits of Authorship.—Sic nos non nobis mellificamus Apes.

Of this poem, with which the Fire, Famine and Slaughter first appeared in the Morning Post, the three first stanzas, which are worth all the rest, and the ninth, were dictated by Mr. Southey. See Apologetic Preface. Vol. 1. p. 337. Between the ninth and the concluding stanza, two or three are omitted as grounded on subjects that have lost their interest—and for better reasons.

If any one should ask, who General ——— meant, the Author begs leave to inform him, that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the Author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel.

As he went through Cold-Bath Fields he saw
A solitary cell,
And the Devil was pleased, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in Hell.

* * * * *

General ——— burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take,
For the Devil thought by a slight mistake
It was general conflagration.

CONSTANCY TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

SINCE all, that beat about in Nature's range,
Or veer or vanish ; why should'st thou remain
The only constant in a world of change,
O yearning THOUGHT, that liv'st but in the brain ?
Call to the HOURS, that in the distance play,
The faery people of the future day——
Fond THOUGHT ! not one of all that shining swarm
Will breathe on *thee* with life-enkindling breath,
Till when, like strangers shelt'ring from a storm,
Hope and Despair meet in the porch of Death !
Yet still thou haunt'st me ; and though well I see,
She is not thou, and only thou art she,
Still, still as though some dear *embodied* Good,
Some *living* Love before my eyes there stood
With answering look a ready ear to lend,
I mourn to thee and say——“ Ah ! loveliest Friend !
“ That this the meed of all my toils might be,
“ To have a home, an English home, and thee !”
Vain repetition ! Home and Thou are one.
The peacefull'st cot, the moon shall shine upon,

Lulled by the Thrush and wakened by the Lark
Without thee were but a becalmed Bark,
Whose Helmsman on an Ocean waste and wide
Sits mute and pale his mouldering helm beside.

And art thou nothing? Such thou art, as when
The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's maze
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,
An image* with a glory round its head;
The enamoured rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows, he *makes* the shadow, he pursues!

* This phenomenon, which the Author has himself experienced, and of which the reader may find a description in one of the earlier volumes of the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, is applied figuratively in the following passage of the AIDS to REFLECTION:

"Pindar's fine remark respecting the different effects of music, on different characters, holds equally true of Genius: as many as are not delighted by it are disturbed, perplexed, irritated. The beholder either recognizes it *as a projected form of his own Being, that moves before him with a Glory round its head,* or recoils from it as a spectre."—AIDS TO REFLECTION, p. 220.

THE SUICIDE'S ARGUMENT.

ERE the birth of my life, if I wished it or no
No question was asked me—it could not be so!
If the life was the question, a thing sent to try
And to live on be YES; what can No be? to die.

NATURE'S ANSWER.

Is't returned as 'twas sent? Is't no worse for the wear?
Think first, what you ARE! Call to mind what you
WERE!

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health, and genius, and an ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethurgy, despair?
Make out the Invent'ry; inspect, compare!
Then die—if die you dare!

THE BLOSSOMING
OF THE
SOLITARY DATE TREE.

A LAMENT.

I SEEM to have an indistinct recollection of having read either in one of the ponderous tomes of George of Venice, or in some other compilation from the uninspired Hebrew Writers, an Apologue or Rabbinical Tradition to the following purpose :

While our first parents stood before their offended Maker, and the last words of the sentence were yet sounding in Adam's ear, the guileful false serpent, a counterfeit and a usurper from the beginning, presumptuously took on himself the character of advocate or mediator, and pretending to intercede for Adam, exclaimed : " Nay, Lord, in thy justice, not so ! for the Man was the least in fault. Rather let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise." And the word of the Most High answered Satan : "*The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Treacherous Fiend ! if with guilt like thine, it had been possible for thee to have the heart of a Man, and to feel the yearning of a human soul for its counterpart, the sentence, which thou now counsellest, should have been inflicted on thyself."

21

The title of the following poem was suggested by a fact mentioned by Linnæus, of a Date-tree in a nobleman's garden which year after year had put forth a full show of blossoms, but never produced fruit, till a branch from a Date-tree had been conveyed from a distance of some hundred leagues. The first leaf of the MS. from which the poem has been transcribed, and which contained the two or three introductory stanzas, is wanting : and the author has in vain taxed his memory to repair the loss. But a rude draught of the poem contains the substance of the stanzas, and the reader is requested to receive it as the substitute. It is not impossible, that some congenial spirit, whose years do not exceed those of the author, at the time the poem was written, may find a pleasure in restoring the Lament to its original integrity by a reduction of the thoughts to the requisite Metre.

S. T. C.

THE BLOSSOMING OF THE SOLITARY DATE-TREE :

A LAMENT.

1.

BENEATH the blaze of a tropical sun the mountain peaks are the Thrones of Frost, through the absence of objects to reflect the rays. "What no one with us shares, seems scarce our own." The presence of a ONE,

The best belov'd, who loveth me the best,

is for the heart, what the supporting air from within is for the hollow globe with its suspended car. Deprive it of this, and all without, that would have buoyed it aloft even to the seat of the gods, becomes a burthen and crushes it into flatness.

2.

The finer the sense for the beautiful and the lovely, and the fairer and lovelier the object presented to the sense; the more exquisite the individual's capacity of joy, and the more ample his means and opportunities of enjoyment, the more heavily will he feel the ache of solitariness, the more unsubstantial becomes the feast spread around him. What matters it, whether

in fact the viands and the ministering graces are shadowy or real, to him who has not hand to grasp nor arms to embrace them?

3.

Imagination; honourable Aims;
Free Commune with the choir that cannot die;
Science and Song; Delight in little things,
The buoyant child surviving in the man;
Fields, forests, ancient mountains, ocean, sky,
With all their voices—O dare I accuse
My earthly lot as guilty of my spleen,
Or call my destiny niggard! O no! no!
It is her largeness, and her overflow,
Which being incomplete, disquieteth me so!

4.

For never touch of gladness stirs my heart,
But tim'rously beginning to rejoice
Like a blind Arab, that from sleep doth start
In lonesome tent, I listen for *thy* voice.
Beloved! 'tis not thine; thou art not there!
Then melts the bubble into idle air,
And wishing without hope I restlessly despair.

5.

The mother with anticipated glee
Smiles o'er the child, that standing by her chair
And flatt'ning its round cheek upon her knee
Looks up, and doth its rosy lips prepare

To mock the coming sounds. At that sweet sight
She hears her own voice with a new delight ;
And if the babe perchance should lisp the notes aright,

6.

Then is she tenfold gladder than before !
But should disease or chance the darling take,
What then avail those songs, which sweet of yore
Were only sweet for their sweet echo's sake ?
Dear maid ! no prattler at a mother's knee
Was e'er so dearly prized as I prize *thee* :
Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me ?

FANCY IN NUBIBUS,

OR THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

O ! IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy ; or with head bent low
And cheek aslant see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through CLOUDLAND, gorgeous land !
Or list'ning to the tide, with closed sight,
Be that blind bard, who on the Chian strand
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light
Beheld the ILIAD and the ODYSSEE
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

THE TWO FOUNTS.

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY WITH
UNBLEMISHED LOOKS, FROM A SEVERE
ATTACK OF PAIN.

'Twas my last waking thought, how it could be,
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish should'st
endure :

When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look
Fix'd on my heart ; and read aloud in game
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book :
And uttered praise like one who wished to blame.

In every heart (quoth he) since Adam's sin
Two FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER!
That to let forth, and *this* to keep within !
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

•

Of PLEASURE only will to all dispense,
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turned inward but still issue thence
Unconquered cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny Bow,
That gracious thing made up of tears and light,
Mid the wild rack and rain that slants below
Stands smiling forth, unmoved and freshly bright:

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face, whose look alone
(The soul's translucence through her chrystal shrine!)
Has power to soothe all anguish but thine own.

A beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing,
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And tort'ring Genius of the BITTER SPRING,
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder, if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife,) the FOUNT OF PAIN
O'erflowing beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain ?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam
On his raised lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had passed : yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream :

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou had'st indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer ; if the case be so,
I pray thee, be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise !

In every look a barbed arrow send,
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live !
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend !
Hoard for thyself the pain, thou wilt not give !

PREFATORY NOTE TO THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

A PROSE composition, one not in metre at least, seems *prima facie* to require explanation or apology. It was written in the year 1798, near Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, at which place (*sanctum et amabile nomen!* rich by so many associations and recollections) the Author had taken up his residence in order to enjoy the society and close neighbourhood of a dear and honoured friend, T. Poole, Esq. The work was to have been written in concert with another, whose name is too venerable within the precincts of genius to be unnecessarily brought into connection with such a trifle, and who was then residing at a small distance from Nether Stowey. The title and subject were suggested by myself, who likewise drew out the scheme and the contents for each of the three books or cantos, of which the work was to consist, and which, the reader is to be informed, was to have been finished in one night! My partner undertook the first canto: I the second: and which ever had *done first*, was to set about the third. Almost thirty years have passed by; yet at this moment I cannot without something more than a smile moot the question which of the two things was the more impracticable, for a mind so eminently original to compose another man's thoughts and fancies, or for a taste so austere and pure and simple to imitate the Death of Abel? Methinks I see his grand

and noble countenance as at the moment when having dispatched my own portion of the task at full finger-speed, I hastened to him with my manuscript—that look of humourous despondency fixed on his almost blank sheet of paper, and then its silent mock-piteous admission of failure struggling with the sense of the exceeding ridiculousness of the whole scheme—which broke up in a laugh : and the *Ancient Mariner* was written instead.

Years afterward, however, the draft of the Plan and proposed Incidents, and the portion executed, obtained favour in the eyes of more than one person, whose judgment on a poetic work could not but have weighed with me, even though no parental partiality had been thrown into the same scale, as a make-weight: and I determined on commencing anew, and composing the whole in stanzas, and made some progress in realizing this intention, when adverse gales drove my bark off the “*Fortunate Isles*” of the Muses: and then other and more momentous interests prompted a different voyage, to firmer anchorage and a securer port. I have in vain tried to recover the lines from the Palimpsest tablet of my memory: and I can only offer the introductory stanza, which had been committed to writing for the purpose of procuring a friend’s judgment on the metre, as a specimen.

Encinctured with a twine of leaves,
That leafy twine his only dress !
A lovely Boy was plucking fruits,
By moonlight, in a wilderness.
The morn was bright, the air was free,
And fruits and flowers together grew
On many a shrub and many a tree :
And all put on a gentle hue,
Hanging in the shadowy air
Like a picture rich and rare.

It was a climate where, they say,
The night is more belov'd than day.
But who that beauteous Boy beguil'd,
That beauteous Boy to linger here?
Alone, by night, a little child,
In place so silent and so wild—
Has he no friend, no loving Mother near?

I have here given the birth, parentage, and premature decrease of the “Wanderings of Cain, a poem,”—intreating, however, my Readers not to think so meanly of my judgment as to suppose that I either regard or offer it as any excuse for the publication of the following fragment, (and I may add, of one or two others in its neighbourhood) in its primitive crudity. But I should find still greater difficulty in forgiving myself, were I to record *pro tædio publico* a set of petty mishaps and annoyances which I myself wish to forget. I must be content therefore with assuring the friendly Reader, that the less he attributes its appearance to the Author's will, choice, or judgment, the nearer to the truth he will be.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

CANTO II.

“ A LITTLE further, O my father, yet a little further, and we shall come into the open moonlight.” Their road was through a forest of fir-trees ; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad. and the moonlight, and the moonlight shadows reposed upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path winded and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled, but never illumined it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

“ It is dark, O my father!” said Enos, “ but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come out into the open moonlight.”

“ Lead on, my child!” said Cain : “ guide me, little child !” And the innocent little child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. “ The fir branches drip upon thee, my son.” “ Yea, pleasantly, father, for

I ran fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on these fir trees! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I clomb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leapt away from the branches, even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? I would be good to them as thou art good to me: and I groaned to them even as thou groanest when thou givest me to eat, and when thou coverest me at evening, and as often as I stand at thy knee and thine eyes look at me?" Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the darkness beside him.

And Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, "The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me; he is around me even as the air! O that I might be utterly no more! I desire to die—yea, the things that never had life, neither move they upon the earth—behold! they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils.

So I might abide in darkness, and blackness, and an empty space! Yea, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head whilst he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice : and the clouds in heaven look terribly on me ; the mighty one who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove ; and in silence am I dried up." Then Enos spake to his father, " Arise my father, arise, we are but a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher." And Cain said, " How knowest thou ?" and the child answered—" Behold the bare rocks are a few of thy strides distant from the forest ; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him : and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright and followed the child.

The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination, when it turned suddenly ; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air ; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child

was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire ; his hair was as the matted curls on the Bison's forehead, and so glared his fierce and sullen eye beneath : and the black abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning iron hand had striven to rend them ; and his countenance told in a strange and terrible language of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate ; as far as the eye could reach it was desolate : the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of thin white sand. You might wander on and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn : and the winter's snow, that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert ; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wings imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophecy

mutely of things that then were not; steeples, and battlements, and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the groan which the Earth uttered when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its point and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they had reached the rock they beheld a human shape: his back was towards them, and they were advancing unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

Pallid, as the reflection of the sheeted lightning on the heavy-sailing Night-cloud, became the face of Cain; but the child Enos took hold of the shaggy skin, his Father's robe, and raised his eyes to his Father, and listening whispered, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have not I often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it:" and Cain

trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet can not refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. And, behold ! Enos glided forward, and creeping softly round the base of the rock, stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the Shape shrieked, and turned round, and Cain beheld him, that his limbs and his face were those of his brother ABEL whom he had killed ! And Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terribleness of a dream.

Thus as he stood in silence and darkness of Soul, the SHAPE fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter outcry, “ Thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me ! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me ; and now I am in misery.” Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands ; and again he opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, “ What beholdest thou ? Didst thou hear a voice my son ? ” “ Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation.” Then Cain raised up the Shape that was like Abel, and said :—“ The Creator

of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy offering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?’ Then the Shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garment, and his naked skin was like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sate beside him; the child by his right hand, and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The Shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child: “I know where the cold waters are but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou then take away my pitcher?” But Cain said, “Didst thou not find favour in the sight of the Lord thy God?” The Shape answered, “The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God.” Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. “Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life,” exclaimed the Shape, “who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion.” Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over

the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me; but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outrun Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground. And Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "he has passed into the dark woods," and he walked slowly back to the rocks; and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground: and Cain once more sate beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now, I pray thee, by thy flocks, and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovedst, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? what sacrifices are acceptable unto him? for I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and

how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape arose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, Son of Adam! and bring thy child with thee!"

And they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as the shadows.

ALLEGORIC VISION.

A FEELING of sadness, a peculiar melancholy, is wont to take possession of me alike in Spring and in Autumn. But in Spring it is the melancholy of Hope: in Autumn it is the melancholy of Resignation. As I was journeying on foot through the Appennine, I fell in with a pilgrim in whom the Spring and the Autumn and the Melancholy of both seemed to have combined. In his discourse there were the freshness and the colors of April :

Qual ramicel a ramo,
Tal da pensier pensiero
In lui germogliava.

But as I gazed on his whole form and figure, I be-
thought me of the not unlovely decays, both of age
and of the late season, in the stately elm, after the
clusters have been plucked from its entwining vines, and
the vines are as bands of dried withies around its trunk
and branches. Even so there was a memory on his
smooth and ample forehead, which blended with the

dedication of his steady eyes, that still looked—I know not, whether upward, or far onward, or rather to the line of meeting where the sky rests upon the distance. But how may I express that dimness of abstraction which lay on the lustre of the pilgrim's eyes like the flitting tarnish from the breath of a sigh on a silver mirror! and which accorded with their slow and reluctant movement, whenever he turned them to any object on the right hand or on the left? It seemed, methought, as if there lay upon the brightness a shadowy presence of disappointments now unfelt, but never forgotten. It was at once the melancholy of hope and of resignation.

We had not long been fellow-travellers, ere a sudden tempest of wind and rain forced us to seek protection in the vaulted door-way of a lone chapelry: and we sate face to face each on the stone bench along-side the low, weather-stained wall, and as close as possible to the massy door.

After a pause of silence: Even thus, said he, like two strangers that have fled to the same shelter from the same storm, not seldom do Despair and Hope meet for the first time in the porch of Death! All extremes meet, I answered; but your's was a strange and visionary thought. The better then doth it be-
seem both the place and me, he replied. From a

VISIONARY wilt thou hear a VISION? Mark that vivid flash through this torrent of rain! Fire and water. Even here thy adage holds true, and its truth is the moral of my Vision. I entreated him to proceed. Sloping his face toward the arch and yet averting his eye from it, he seemed to seek and prepare his words: till listening to the wind that echoed within the hollow edifice, and to the rain without,

Which stole on his thoughts with its two-fold sound,
The clash hard by and the murmur all round,

he gradually sunk away, alike from me and from his own purpose, and amid the gloom of the storm and in the duskiness of that place he sate like an emblem on a rich man's sepulchre, or like a mourner on the sodded grave of an only one—an aged mourner, who is watching the wained moon and sorroweth not. Starting at length from his brief trance of abstraction, with courtesy and an atoning smile he renewed his discourse, and commenced his parable.

During one of those short furlows from the service of the Body, which the Soul may sometimes obtain even in this, its militant state, I found myself in a vast plain, which I immediately knew to be the VALLEY OF LIFE. It possessed an astonishing diversity of soils: and here was a sunny spot, and there a

dark one, forming just such a mixture of sunshine and shade, as we may have observed on the mountains' side in an April day, when the thin broken clouds are scattered over heaven. Almost in the very entrance of the valley stood a large and gloomy pile, into which I seemed constrained to enter. Every part of the building was crowded with tawdry ornaments and fantastic deformity. On every window was portrayed, in glaring and inelegant colors, some horrible tale, or preternatural incident, so that not a ray of light could enter, untinged by the medium through which it passed. The body of the building was full of people, some of them dancing, in and out, in unintelligible figures, with strange ceremonies and antic merriment, while others seemed convulsed with horror, or pining in mad melancholy. Intermingled with these, I observed a number of men, clothed in ceremonial robes, who appeared now to marshal the various groups, and to direct their movements; and now with menacing countenances, to drag some reluctant victim to a vast idol, framed of iron bars intercrossed, which formed at the same time an immense cage, and the shape of a human Colossus.

I stood for a while lost in wonder what these things might mean; when lo! one of the Directors came up to me, and with a stern and reproachful

look bade me uncover my head, for that the place into which I had entered was the temple of the only true Religion, in the holier recesses of which the great Goddess personally resided. Himself too he bade me reverence, as the consecrated Minister of her Rites. Awe-struck by the name of Religion, I bowed before the Priest, and humbly and earnestly intreated him to conduct me into her presence. He assented. Offerings he took from me, with mystic sprinklings of water and with salt he purified, and with strange sufflations he exorcized me; and then led me through many a dark and winding alley, the dew-damps of which chilled my flesh, and the hollow echoes under my feet, mingled, methought, with moanings, affrighted me. At length we entered a large hall, without window, or spiracle, or lamp. The asylum and dormitory it seemed of perennial night—only that the walls were brought to the eye by a number of self luminous inscriptions in letters of a pale pulchral light, that held strange neutrality with the darkness, on the verge of which it kept its rayless vigil. I could read them, methought; but though each one of the words taken separately I seemed to understand, yet when I took them in sentences, they were riddles and incomprehensible. As I stood meditating on these hard sayings, my guide thus addressed

me—Read and believe : these are MYSTERIES !—At the extremity of the vast hall the Goddess was placed. Her features, blended with darkness, rose out to my view, terrible, yet vacant. I prostrated myself before her, and then retired with my guide, soul-withered, and wondering, and dissatisfied.

As I re-entered the body of the temple, I heard a deep buz as of discontent. A few whose eyes were bright, and either piercing or steady, and whose ample foreheads, with the weighty bar, ridge-like, above the eyebrows, bespoke observation followed by meditative thought ; and a much larger number, who were enraged by the severity and insolence of the priests in exacting their offerings, had collected in one tumultuous groupe, and with a confused outcry of “ this is the Temple of SUPERSTITION !” after much contumely, and turmoil, and cruel mal-treatment on all sides, rushed out of the pile : and I, methought, joined them.

We speeded from the Temple with hasty steps, and had now nearly gone round half the valley, when we were addressed by a woman, tall beyond the stature of mortals, and with a something more than human in her countenance and mien, which yet could by mortals be only felt, not conveyed by words or intelligibly distinguished. Deep reflection, ani-

mated by ardent feelings, was displayed in them : and hope, without its uncertainty, and a something more than all these, which I understood not, but which yet seemed to blend all these into a divine unity of expression. Her garments were white and matronly, and of the simplest texture. We enquired her name. My name, she replied, is RELIGION.

The more numerous part of our company, affrighted by the very sound, and sore from recent impostures or sorceries, hurried onwards and examined no farther. A few of us, struck by the manifest opposition of her form and manners to those of the living Idol, whom we had so recently abjured, agreed to follow her, though with cautious circumspection. She led us to an eminence in the midst of the valley, from the top of which we could command the whole plain, and observe the relation of the different parts of each to the other, and of each to the whole, and of all to each. She then gave us an optic glass which assisted without contradicting our natural vision, and enabled us to see far beyond the limits of the Valley of Life : though our eye even thus assisted permitted us only to behold a light and a glory, but what we could not descry, save only that it *was*, and that it was most glorious.

And now with the rapid transition of a dream, I had overtaken and rejoined the more numerous party, who had abruptly left us, indignant at the very name of religion. They journeyed on, goading each other with remembrances of past oppressions, and never looking back, till in the eagerness to recede from the Temple of Superstition they had rounded the whole circle of the valley. And lo! there faced us the mouth of a vast cavern, at the base of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock, the interior side of which, unknown to them, and unsuspected, formed the extreme and backward wall of the Temple. An impatient crowd, we entered the vast and dusky cave, which was the only perforation of the precipice. At the 'mouth of the cave sate two figures; the first, by her dress and gestures, I knew to be SENSUALITY; the second form, from the fierceness of his demeanour, and the brutal scornfulness of his looks, declared himself to be the monster BLASPHEMY. He uttered big words, and yet ever and anon I observed that he turned pale at his own courage. We entered. Some remained in the opening of the cave, with the one or the other of its guardians. The rest, and I among them, pressed on, till we reached an ample chamber, that seemed the

centre of the rock. The climate of the place was unnaturally cold.

In the furthest distance of the chamber sate an old dim-eyed man, poring with a microscope over the Torso of a statue which hath neither basis, nor feet, nor head; but on its breast was carved NATURE! To this he continually applied his glass, and seemed enraptured with the various inequalities which it rendered visible on the seemingly polished surface of the marble.—Yet evermore was this delight and triumph followed by expressions of hatred, and vehement railing against a Being, who yet, he assured us, had no existence. This mystery suddenly recalled to me what I had read in the Holiest Recess of the temple of *Superstition*. The old man spoke in divers tongues, and continued to utter other and most strange mysteries. Among the rest he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be—a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on till they were all out of sight: and that they all walked infallibly straight, without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrowed courage from surprise, and asked him—Who then is at the head to

guide them? He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, "No one." The string of blind men went on for ever without any beginning: for although one blind man could not move without stumbling, yet infinite blindness supplied the want of sight. I burst into laughter, which instantly turned to terror—for as he started forward in rage, I caught a glance of him from behind; and lo! I beheld a monster bi-form and Janus-headed, in the hinder face and shape of which I instantly recognized the dread countenance of SUPERSTITION—and in the terror I awoke.

THE IMPROVISATORE ;
OR " JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO, JOHN."

SCENE: *A spacious drawing-room, with music-room adjoining.*

CATHERINE. What are the words ?

ELIZA. Ask our friend, the Improvisatore ; here he comes : Kate has a favor to ask of you, Sir ; it is that you will repeat the ballad that Mr. —— sung so sweetly.

FRIEND. It is in Moore's Irish Melodies ; but I do not recollect the words distinctly. The moral of them, however, I take to be this : —

Love would remain the same if true,
When we were neither young nor new :
Yea, and in all within the will that came,
By the same proofs would shew itself the same.

ELIZA. What are the lines you repeated from

Beaumont and Fletcher, which my mother admired so much? It begins with something about two vines so close that their tendrils intermingle.

FRIEND. You mean Charles' speech to Angelina, in "the Elder Brother."

We'll live together, like two neighbour vines,
Circling our souls and loves in one another !
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one fruit ;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grief mourn ;
One age go with us, and one hour of death
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us happy.

CATHERINE. A precious boon, that would go far to reconcile one to old age—this love *if* true ! But is there any such true love ?

FRIEND. I hope so.

CATHERINE. But do you believe it ?

ELIZA (*eagerly*). I am sure he does.

FRIEND. From a man turned of fifty, Catherine, I imagine, expects a less confident answer.

CATHERINE. A more sincere one, perhaps.

FRIEND. Even though he should have obtained the nick-name of Improvisatore, by perpetrating charades and extempore verses at Christmas times ?

ELIZA. Nay, but be serious.

FRIEND. Serious ? Doubtless. A grave person-

age of my years giving a Love-lecture to two young ladies, cannot well be otherwise. The difficulty, I suspect, would be for them to remain so. It will be asked whether I am not the "elderly gentleman" who sate "despairing beside a clear stream," with a willow for his wig-block.

ELIZA. Say another word, and we will call it downright affectation.

CATHERINE. No! we will be affronted, drop a courtesy, and ask pardon for our presumption in expecting that Mr. — would waste his sense on two insignificant girls.

FRIEND. Well, well, I will be serious. Hem! Now then commences the discourse; Mr. Moore's song being the text. Love, as distinguished from Friendship, on the one hand, and from the passion that too often usurps its name, on the other—

LUCIUS (*Eliza's brother, who had just joined the trio, in a whisper to the Friend*). But is not Love the union of both?

FRIEND (*aside to Lucius*). He never loved who thinks so.

ELIZA. Brother, we don't want *you*. There! Mrs. H. cannot arrange the flower-vase without you. Thank you, Mrs. Hartman.

LUCIUS. I'll have my revenge! I know what I will say!

ELIZA. Off! off! Now, dear sir,—Love, you were saying—

FRIEND. Hush! *Preaching*, you mean, Eliza.

ELIZA (*impatiently*). Pshaw!

FRIEND. Well then, I was *saying* that Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world: and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and *utterancy* of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life—even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which, in all our lovings, is *the* Love;—

ELIZA. There is something *here* (*pointing to her*

heart) that *seems* to understand you, but wants the *word* that would make it understand itself.

CATHERINE. I, too, seem to *feel* what you mean. Interpret the feeling for us.

FRIEND.—I mean that *willing* sense of the insufficingness of the *self* for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own—that quiet perpetual *seeking* which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding, again seeks on—lastly, when “life’s changeful orb has pass’d the full,” a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heart-felt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same or the correspondent excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call Goodness its Playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thou-

sand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged VIRTUE the caressing fondness that belongs to the INNOCENCE of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies as had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

ELIZA. What a soothing—what an elevating idea!

CATHERINE. If it be not only an *idea*.

FRIEND. At all events, these qualities which I have enumerated, are rarely found united in a single individual. How much more rare must it be, that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world under circumstances that admit of their union as Husband and Wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable as neighbour, friend, housemate—in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment save only the last and inmost; and yet from how many causes be estranged from the highest perfection in this? Pride, coldness or fastidiousness of nature, worldly cares, an anxious or ambitious disposition, a passion for display, a sullen temper—one or the other—too often proves “the dead fly in the compost of spices,” and any one is enough to unfit it for the precious balm of unction. For some mighty good sort of people, too, there is not seldom a sort of solemn saturnine, or, if you will,

ursine vanity, that keeps itself alive by sucking the paws of its own self-importance. And as this high sense, or rather sensation of their own value is, for the most part, grounded on negative qualities, so they have no better means of preserving the same but by *negatives*—that is, by *not* doing or saying any thing, that might be put down for fond, silly, or nonsensical. —or (to use their own phrase) by *never forgetting themselves*, which some of their acquaintance are uncharitable enough to think the most worthless object they could be employed in remembering.

ELIZA (*in answer to a whisper from Catherine*). To a hair! He must have sate for it himself. Save me from such folks! But they are out of the question.

FRIEND. True! but the same effect is produced in thousands by the too general insensibility to a very important truth; this, namely, that the MISERY of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year, the death of a child; years after, a failure in trade; after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily;—in all but the singularly unfortunate, the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of a man's life, are easily counted, and distinctly remembered. The HAPPY-

NESS of life, on the contrary, is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasureable thought and genial feeling.

CATHERINE. Well, Sir; you have said quite enough to make me despair of finding a “ John Anderson, my Jo, John,” to totter down the hill of life with.

FRIEND. Not so ! Good men are not, I trust, so much scarcer than good women, but that what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another. But well, however, may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue.

ELIZA. Surely, he, who has described it so beautifully, must have possessed it ?

FRIEND. If he were worthy to have possessed it, and had believingly anticipated and not found it, how bitter the disappointment !

(Then, after a pause of a few minutes)

ANSWER, *ex improviso.*

Yes, yes ! that boon, life's richest treat,

He had, or fancied that he had;
Say, 'twas but in his own conceit—
The fancy made him glad!
Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish!
The boon, prefigured in his earliest wish!
The fair fulfilment of his poesy,
When his young heart first yearn'd for sympathy!

But e'en the meteor offspring of the brain
Unnourished wane!

FAITH asks her daily bread,
And FANCY must be fed!
Now so it chanced—from wet or dry,
It boots now how—I know not why—
She missed her wonted food: and quickly
Poor FANCY stagger'd and grew sickly.
Then came a restless state, 'twixt yea and nay,
His faith was fix'd, his heart all ebb and flow;
Or like a bark, in some half-shelter'd bay,
Above its anchor driving to and fro.

That boon, which but to have possess'd
In a *belief*, gave life a zest—
Uncertain both what it *had* been,
And if by error lost, or luck;
And what it *was*:—an evergreen

Which some insidious blight had struck,
Or annual flower, which, past its blow,
No vernal spell shall e'er revive ;
Uncertain, and afraid to know,

 Doubts toss'd him to and fro :

HOPE keeping LOVE, LOVE HOPE alive,
Like babes bewildered in a snow,
That cling and huddle from the cold
In hollow tree or ruin'd fold.

Those sparkling colors, once his boast,
 Fading, one by one away,

Thin and hueless as a ghost,

 Poor Fancy on her sick bed lay ;

Ill at distance, worse when near,

Telling her dreams to jealous Fear !

Where was it then, the sociable sprite

That crown'd the Poet's cup and deck'd his dish !

Poor shadow cast from an unsteady wish,

Itself a substance by no other right

But that it intercepted Reason's light ;

It dimm'd his eye, it darken'd on his brow,

A peevish mood, a tedious time, I trow !

 Thank Heaven ! 'tis not so now.

O bliss of blissful hours !

The boon of Heaven's decreeing,
While yet in Eden's bowers
Dwelt the First Husband and his sinless Mate !
The one sweet plant, which, piteous Heaven agreeing,
They bore with them thro' Eden's closing gate !
Of life's gay summer-tide the sovran ROSE !
Late autumn's AMARANTH, that more fragrant blows
When Passion's flowers all fall or fade ;
If this were ever his, in outward being,
Or but his own true love's projected shade,
Now that at length by certain proof he knows,
That whether real or a magic shew,
Whate'er it *was*, it is no longer so ;
Though heart be lonesome, Hope laid low,
Yet, Lady! deem him not unblest :
The certainty that struck HOPE dead,
Hath left CONTENTMENT in her stead :
And that is next to Best !

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

OF late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone ;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the PAST for thought of glee or grief.
In vain ! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy !
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to wake ;
O Friend ! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry !
An IDYLL, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist : or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,
But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost ;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form for love ;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man !
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves ;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades ;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast ;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,
To high-church pacing on the great saint's-day.
And many a verse which to myself I sang,
That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,

Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
And last, a matron now, of sober mien
Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
Even in my dawn of thought—PHILOSOPHY.
'Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
She bore no other name than POESY ;
And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,
That had but newly left a mother's knee,
Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and stone,
As if with elfin playfellows well known,
And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist ! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye.
And *all* awake ! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand ;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer,
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer ! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings :

Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy !
O, Florence ! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno fed with all their rills ;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy !
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn ;
Palladian palace with its storied halls ;
Fountains, where LOVE lies listening to their falls ;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man ;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,

Thine all delights, and every muse is thine :
 And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
 Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance !
 Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
 See ! BOCCACE sits, unfolding on his knees
 The new-found roll of old Mæonides ;*
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
 Peers Ovid's HOLY BOOK of Love's sweet Smart !†

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
 Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,

* Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.

† I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the *Filocolo* of Boccaccio : where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the *Holy Book*, OVID'S ART OF LOVE. " *Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere il santo libro d'Orvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, come i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne freddi cuori accendere.*"

Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious to thy
muse !

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves !

RE M O R S E.

A TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARQUIS VALDEZ, Father to the two brothers, and Donna
Teresa's Guardian.

DON ALVAR, the eldest son.

DON ORDONIO, the youngest son.

MONVIEDRO, a Dominican and Inquisitor.

ZULIMEZ, the faithful attendant on Alvar.

ISIDORE, a Moresco Chieftain, ostensibly a Christian.

FAMILIARS OF THE INQUISITION.

NAOMI.

MOORS, SERVANTS, &c.

DONNA TERESA, an Orphan Heiress.

ALHADRA, Wife to Isidore.

Time. The reign of Philip II., just at the close of the civil wars
against the Moors, and during the heat of the persecution
which raged against them, shortly after the edict which forbid
the wearing of Moresco apparel under pain of death.

REMOUSE.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

The Sea Shore on the Coast of Granada.

DON ALVAR, *wrapt in a Boat cloak, and* ZULIMEZ
(*a Moresco*) *both as just landed.*

ZULIMEZ.

No sound, no face of joy to welcome us!

ALVAR.

My faithful Zulimez, for one brief moment
Let me forget my anguish and their crimes.
If aught on earth demand an unmix'd feeling,
'Tis surely this—after long years of exile,
To step forth on firm land, and gazing round us,
To hail at once our country, and our birth place.
Hail, Spain! Granada, hail! once more I press
Thy sands with filial awe, land of my fathers!

ZULIMEZ.

Then claim your rights in it! O, revered Don Alvar,
Yet, yet give up your all too gentle purpose.
It is too hazardous! reveal yourself,
And let the guilty meet the doom of guilt!

ALVAR.

Remember, Zulimez! I am his brother,
Injured indeed! O deeply injured! yet
Ordonio's brother.

ZULIMEZ.

Nobly minded Alvar!
This sure but gives his guilt a blacker dye.

ALVAR.

The more behoves it, I should rouse within him
REMORSE! that I should save him from himself.

ZULIMEZ.

REMORSE is as the heart in which it grows:
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost
Weeps only tears of poison

ALVAR.

And of a brother,
Dare I hold this, unproved? nor make one effort
To save him?—Hear me, friend! I have yet to tell
thee,
That this same life, which he conspired to take,
Himself once rescued from the angry flood,
And at the imminent hazard of his own.
Add too my oath—

ZULIMEZ.

You have thrice told already
The years of absence and of secrecy,
To which a forced oath bound you : if in truth
A suborned murderer have the power to dictate
A binding oath—

ALVAR.

My long captivity
Left me no choice : the very *Wish* too languished
With the fond *Hope* that nursed it ; the sick babe
Drooped at the bosom of its famished mother.
But (more than all) Teresa's perfidy ;
The assassin's strong assurance, when no interest,
No motive could have tempted him to falsehood :
In the first pangs of his awaken'd conscience,
When with abhorrence of his own black purpose
The murderous weapon, pointed at my breast,
Fell from his palsied hand—

ZULIMEZ.

Heavy presumption !

ALVAR.

It weighed not with me—Hark ! I will tell thee all ;
As we passed by, I bade thee mark the base
Of yonder cliff—

ZULIMEZ.

That rocky seat you mean,
Shaped by the billows ?—

ALVAR.

There Teresa met me
The morning of the day of my departure.
We were alone : the purple hue of dawn,
Fell from the kindling east aslant upon us,
And blending with the blushes on her cheek
Suffused the tear-drops there with rosy light.
There seemed a glory round us, and Teresa
The angel of the vision ! *[then with agitation.*

Had'st thou seen
How in each motion her most innocent soul
Beamed forth and brightened, thou thyself would'st
tell me,
Guilt is a thing impossible in her !
She must be innocent !

ZULIMEZ (*with a sigh*).

Proceed, my lord !

ALVAR.

A portrait which she had procured by stealth,
(For even then it seems her heart foreboded
Or knew Ordonio's moody rivalry)
A portrait of herself with thrilling hand
She tied around my neck, conjuring me
With earnest prayers, that I would keep it sacred
To my own knowledge : nor did she desist,
'Till she had won a solemn promise from me,
That (save my own) no eye should e'er behold it

Till my return. Yet this the assassin knew,
Knew that which none but she could have disclosed.

ZULIMEZ.

A damning proof !

ALVAR.

My own life wearied me !

And but for the imperative Voice within
With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen.
That Voice, which quelled me, calmed me : and I
sought

The Belgic states : there joined the better cause ;
And there too fought as one that courted death !
Wounded, I fell among the dead and dying,
In death-like trance : a long imprisonment followed.
The fulness of my anguish by degrees
Waned to a meditative melancholy ;
And still the more I mused, my soul became
More doubtful, more perplexed ; and still Teresa
Night after night, she visited my sleep,
Now as a saintly sufferer, wan and tearful,
Now as a saint in glory beckoning to me !
Yes, still as in contempt of proof and reason,
I cherish the fond faith that she is guiltless !
Hear then my fix'd resolve : I'll linger here
In the disguise of a Moresco chieftain.—
The Moorish robes ?—

ZULIMEZ.

All, all are in the sea-cave,
Some furlong hence. I bade our mariners
Secrete the boat there.

ALVAR.

Above all, the picture
Of the assassination—

ZULIMEZ.

Be assured
That it remains uninjured.

ALVAR.

Thus disguised
I will first seek to meet Ordonio's—*wife!*
If possible, alone too. This was her wonted walk,
And this the hour; her words, her very looks
Will acquit her or convict.

ZULIMEZ.

Will they not know you?

ALVAR.

With your aid, friend, I shall unfearingly
Trust the disguise; and as to my complexion,
My long imprisonment, the scanty food,
This scar,—and toil beneath a burning sun,
Have done already half the business for us.
Add too my youth, when last we saw each other.
Manhood has swoln my chest, and taught my voice

A hoarser note—Besides, they think me dead :
And what the mind believes impossible,
The bodily sense is slow to recognize.

ZULIMEZ.

'Tis yours, sir, to command, mine to obey.
Now to the cave beneath the vaulted rock,
Where having shap'd you to a Moorish chieftain,
I will seek our mariners ; and in the dusk
Transport whate'er we need to the small dell
In the Alpuxarras—there where Zagri lived.

ALVAR.

I know it well : it is the obscurest haunt
Of all the mountains—

[*both stand listening.*

Voices at a distance !

Let us away !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter TERESA and VALDEZ.

TERESA.

I hold Ordonio dear ; he is your son
And Alvar's brother.

VALDEZ.

Love him for himself,
Nor make the living wretched for the dead.

TERESA.

I mourn that you should plead in vain, Lord Valdez,
But heaven hath heard my vow, and I remain
Faithful to Alvar, be he dead or living.

VALDEZ.

Heaven knows with what delight I saw your loves,
And could my heart's blood give him back to thee
I would die smiling. But these are idle thoughts!
Thy dying father comes upon my soul
With that same look, with which he gave thee to me;
I held thee in my arms a powerless babe,
While thy poor mother with a mute entreaty
Fixed her faint eyes on mine. Ah not for this,
That I should let thee feed thy soul with gloom,
And with slow anguish wear away thy life,
The victim of a useless constancy.
I must not see thee wretched.

TERESA.

There are woes

Ill bartered for the garishness of joy!
If it be wretched with an untired eye
To watch those skiey tints, and this green ocean;
Or in the sultry hour beneath some rock,
My hair dishevelled by the pleasant sea breeze,
To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
All past hours of delight! If it be wretched

To watch some bark, and fancy Alvar there,
To go through each minutest circumstance
Of the blest meeting, and to frame adventures
Most terrible and strange, and hear *him* tell them ;

*(As once I knew a crazy Moorish maid
Who drest her in her buried lover's clothes,
And o'er the smooth spring in the mountain cleft
Hung with her lute, and played the self same tune
He used to play, and listened to the shadow
Herself had made)—if this be wretchedness,
And if indeed it be a wretched thing
To trick out mine own death bed, and imagine
That I had died, died just ere his return !
Then see him listening to my constancy,
Or hover round, as he at midnight oft
Sits on my grave and gazes at the moon ;
Or haply in some more fantastic mood,
To be in Paradise, and with choice flowers
Build up a bower where he and I might dwell,
And there to wait his coming ! O my sire !
My Alvar's sire ! if this be wretchedness
That eats away the life, what were it, think you,

* [Here Valdez bends back, and smiles at her wildness, which Teresa noticing, checks her enthusiasm, and in a soothing half-playful tone and manner, apologizes for her fancy, by the little tale in the parenthesis.]

If in a most assured reality
 He should return, and see a brother's infant
 Smile at him from *my* arms?
 Oh what a thought! [Clasping her forehead.

VALDEZ.

A thought? even so! mere thought! an empty thought.
 The very week he promised his return——

TERESA (*abruptly*).

Was it not then a busy joy? to see him,
 After those three years travels! we had no fears—
 The frequent tidings, the ne'er failing letter,
 Almost endeared his absence! Yet the gladness,
 The tumult of our joy! What then if now——

VALDEZ.

O power of youth to feed on pleasant thoughts,
 Spite of conviction! I am old and heartless!
 Yes, I am old—I have no pleasant fancies—
 Hectic and unrefreshed with rest—

TERESA (*with great tenderness*).

My father!

VALDEZ.

The sober truth is all too much for me!
 I see no sail which brings not to my mind
 'The home-bound bark in which my son was captured
 By the Algerine—to perish with his captors!

TERESA.

Oh no ! he did not !

VALDEZ.

Captured in sight of land !
From yon hill point, nay, from our castle watch-tower
We might have seen——

TERESA.

His capture, not his death.

VALDEZ.

Alas ! how aptly thou forget'st a tale
Thou ne'er didst wish to learn ! my brave Ordonio
Saw both the pirate and his prize go down,
In the same storm that baffled his own valour,
And thus twice snatched a brother from his hopes :
Gallant Ordonio ! (*pauses, then tenderly*) O beloved

Teresa,

Would'st thou best prove thy faith to generous Alvar,
And most delight his spirit, go, make thou
His brother happy, make his aged father
Sink to the grave in joy.

TERESA.

For mercy's sake

Press me no more ! I have no power to love him.
His proud forbidding eye, and his dark brow,
Chill me like dew damps of the unwholesome night :
My love, a timorous and tender flower,
Closes beneath his touch.

VALDEZ.

You wrong him, maiden !

You wrong him, by my soul ! Nor was it well
To character by such unkindly phrases
The stir and workings of that love for you
Which he has toiled to smother. 'Twas not well,
Nor is it grateful in you to forget
His wounds and perilous voyages, and how
With an heroic fearlessness of danger
He roam'd the coast of Afric for your Alvar.
It was not well—You have moved me even to tears.

TERESA.

Oh pardon me, Lord Valdez ! pardon me !
It was a foolish and ungrateful speech,
A most ungrateful speech ! But I am hurried
Beyond myself, if I but hear of one
Who aims to rival Alvar. Were we not
Born in one day, like twins of the same parent ?
Nursed in one cradle ? Pardon me, my father !
A six years' absence is a heavy thing,
Yet still the hope survives——

VALDEZ (*looking forward*).

Hush ! 'tis Monviedro.

TERESA.

The Inquisitor ! on what new scent of blood ?

Enter MONVIEDRO with ALHADRA.

MONVIEDRO (*having first made his obeisance to
VALDEZ and TERESA*).

Peace and the truth be with you! Good my Lord,
My present need is with your son.

[*Looking forward.*

We have hit the time. Here comes he! Yes, 'tis he.

Enter from the opposite side DON ORDONIO.

My Lord Ordonio, this Moresco woman
(Alhadra is her name) asks audience of you.

ORDONIO.

Hail, reverend father! what may be the business?

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, on strong suspicion of relapse
To his false creed, so recently abjured,
The secret servants of the inquisition
Have seized her husband, and at my command
To the supreme tribunal would have led him,
But that he made appeal to you, my lord,
As surety for his soundness in the faith.
Though lessened by experience what small trust
The asseverations of these Moors deserve,
Yet still the deference to Ordonio's name,
Nor less the wish to prove, with what high honour
The Holy Church regards her faithful soldiers,
Thus far prevailed with me that——

ORDONIO.

Reverend father,
I am much beholden to your high opinion,
Which so o'erprizes my light services.

[*then to ALHARDA.*]

I would that I could serve you ; but in truth
Your face is new to me.

MONVIEDRO.

My mind foretold me,
That such would be the event. In truth, Lord Valdez,
'Twas little probable, that Don Ordonio,
That your illustrious son, who fought so bravely
Some four years since to quell these rebel Moors,
Should prove the patron of this infidel !
The guarantee of a Moresco's faith !
Now I return.

ALHADRA.

My Lord, my husband's name
Is Isidore. (ORDONIO *starts.*)—You may remember it :
Three years ago, three years this very week,
You left him at Almeria.

MONVIEDRO.

Palpably false !
This very week, three years ago, my lord,
(You needs must recollect it by your wound)
You were at sea, and there engaged the pirates,
The *murderers* doubtless of your brother Alvar !

[TERESA looks at MONVIEDRO with disgust and horror. ORDONIO's appearance to be collected from what follows.

MONVIEDRO (*to Valdez and pointing at Ordonio*).
What is he ill, my Lord? how strange he looks!

VALDEZ (*angrily*).

You pressed upon him too abruptly, father!
The fate of one, on whom, you know, he doted.

ORDONIO (*starting as in sudden agitation*).
O Heavens! I?—I doted? (*then recovering himself*).
Yes! I doted on him.

[ORDONIO walks to the end of the stage,
Valdez follows, soothing him.

TERESA (*her eye following Ordonio*).
I do not, can not, love him. Is my heart hard?
Is my heart hard? that even now the thought
Should force itself upon me?—Yet I feel it!

MONVIEDRO.

The drops did start and stand upon his forehead!
I will return. In very truth, I grieve
To have been the occasion. Ho! attend me woman!

ALHADRA (*to Teresa*).

O gentle lady! make the father stay,
Until my lord recover. I am sure,
That he will say he is my husband's friend.

TERESA.

Stay, father ! stay ! my lord will soon recover.

ORDONIO (*as they return to VALDEZ*).

Strange, that this Monviedro

Should have the power so to distemper me !

VALDEZ.

Nay, 'twas an amiable weakness, son !

MONVIEDRO.

My lord, I truly grieve——

ORDONIO.

Tut ! name it not.

A sudden seizure, father ! think not of it.

As to this woman's husband, I *do* know him.

I know him well, and that he *is* a Christian.

MONVIEDRO.

I hope, my lord, your merely human pity

Doth not prevail——

ORDONIO.

'Tis certain that he *was* a catholic ;

What changes may have happened in three years,

I can not say ; but grant me this, good father :

Myself I'll sift him : if I find him sound,

You'll grant me your authority and name

To liberate his house.

MONVIEDRO.

Your zeal, my lord

And your late merits in this holy warfare
Would authorize an ampler trust—you have it.

ORDONIO.

I will attend you home within an hour.

VALDEZ.

Meantime return with us and take refreshment.

ALHADRA.

Not till my husband's free! I may not do it.
I will stay here.

TERESA (*aside*).

Who is this Isidore?

VALDEZ.

Daughter!

TERESA.

With your permission, my dear lord,
I'll loiter yet awhile t'enjoy the sea breeze.

[*Ereunt Valdez, Monviedro and Ordonio.*]

ALHADRA.

Hah! there he goes! a bitter curse go with him,
A scathing curse!

(*then as if recollecting herself, and with a timid look*)
You hate him, don't you, lady?

TERESA (*perceiving that Alhadra is conscious she
has spoken imprudently*).

Oh fear not me! *my* heart is sad for you.

ALHADRA.

These fell inquisitors ! these sons of blood !
As I came on, his face so maddened me,
That ever and anon I clutched my dagger
And half unsheathed it——

TERESA.

Be more calm, I pray you.

ALHADRA.

And as he walked along the narrow path
Close by the mountain's edge, my soul grew eager ;
'Twas with hard toil I made myself remember
That his Familiars held my babes and husband,
To have leapt upon him with a tiger's plunge,
And hurl'd him down the rugged precipice,
O, it had been most sweet !

TERESA.

Hush ! hush for shame !

Where is your woman's heart ?

ALHADRA.

O gentle lady !

You have no skill to guess *my* many wrongs,
Many and strange ! Besides, (*ironically*) I am a
Christian,

And Christians never pardon—'tis their faith !

TERESA.

Shame fall on those who so have shewn it to thee !

ALHADRA.

I know that man ; 'tis well he knows not me.
Five years ago (and he was the prime agent)
Five years ago the holy brethren seized me.

TERESA.

What might your crime be ?

ALHADRA.

I was a Moresco !

They cast me, then a young and nursing mother,
Into a dungeon of their prison house.
Where was no bed, no fire, no ray of light,
No touch, no sound of comfort ! The black air,
It was a toil to breathe it ! when the door,
Slow opening at the appointed hour, disclosed
One human countenance, the lamp's red flame
Cowered as it entered, and at once sunk down.
Oh miserable ! by that lamp to see
My infant quarrelling with the coarse hard bread
Brought daily : for the little wretch was sickly—
My rage had dried away its natural food.
In darkness I remained—the dull bell counting,
Which haply told me, that the all-cheering Sun
Was rising on our Garden. When I dozed,
My infant's moanings mingled with my slumbers
And waked me.—If you were a mother, lady,

I should scarce dare to tell you, that its noises
And peevish cries so fretted on my brain
That I have struck the innocent babe in anger.

TERESA.

O Heaven! it is too horrible to hear.

ALHADRA.

What was it then to suffer? 'Tis most right
That such as you should hear it.—Know you not,
What Nature makes you mourn, she bids you heal?
Great Evils ask great Passions to redress them,
And Whirlwinds fitliest scatter Pestilence.

TERESA.

You were at length released?

ALHADRA.

Yes, at length
I saw the blessed arch of the whole heaven!
'Twas the first time my infant smiled. No more—
For if I dwell upon that moment, Lady,
A trance comes on which makes me o'er again
All I then was—my knees hang loose and drag,
And my lip falls with such an idiot laugh,
That you would start and shudder!

TERESA.

But your husband—

ALHADRA.

A month's imprisonment would kill him, Lady.

TERESA.

Alas, poor man!

ALHADRA.

He hath a lion's courage,
Fearless in act, but feeble in endurance ;
Unfit for boisterous times, with gentle heart
He worships nature in the hill and valley,
Not knowing what he loves, but loves it all—

*Enter ALVAR disguised as a Moresco, and in
Moorish garments.*

TERESA.

Know you that stately Moor?

ALHADRA.

I know him not :
But doubt not he is some Moresco chieftain,
Who hides himself among the Alpuxarras.

TERESA.

The Alpuxarras? Does he know his danger,
So near this seat?

ALHADRA.

He wears the Moorish robes too,
As in defiance of the royal edict.

*[Alhadra advances to Alvar, who has walked
to the back of the stage, near the rocks.
Teresa drops her veil.]*

ALHADRA.

Gallant Moresco ! An inquisitor,
Monviedro, of known hatred to our race——

ALVAR (*interrupting her*).

You have mistaken me. I am a Christian.

ALHADRA.

He deems, that we are plotting to ensnare him :
Speak to him, Lady—none can hear *you* speak,
And not believe you innocent of guile.

TERESA.

If aught enforce you to concealment, Sir——

ALHADRA.

He trembles strangely.

[*Alvar sinks down and hides his face in his robe.*]

TERESA.

See we have disturbed him.

[*approaches nearer to him.*]

I pray you think us friends—uncowl your face,
For you seem faint, and the night breeze blows
healing.

I pray you think us friends !

ALVAR (*raising his head*).

Calm, very calm !

'Tis all too tranquil for reality !

And she spoke to me with her innocent voice,
That voice, that innocent voice! She is no traitress!

TERESA.

Let us retire. (*haughtily to Alhadra.*)

[*They advance to the front of the Stage.*]

ALHADRA (*with scorn*).

He is indeed a Christian.

ALVAR (*aside*).

She deems me dead, yet wears no mourning garment!

Why should my brother's—wife—wear mourning garments?

(*To Teresa.*)

Your pardon, noble dame! that I disturbed you:
I had just started from a frightful dream.

TERESA.

Dreams tell but of the past, and yet, 'tis said,
They prophecy—

ALVAR.

The Past lives o'er again
In its effects, and to the guilty spirit
The ever frowning Present is its image.

TERESA.

Traitress! (*then aside.*)

What sudden spell o'ermasters me ?
Why seeks he me, shunning the Moorish woman ?
[*Teresa looks round uneasily, but gradually becomes attentive as Alvar proceeds in the next speech.*

ALVAR.

I dreamt I had a friend, on whom I leant
With blindest trust, and a betrothed maid,
Whom I was wont to call not mine, but me :
For mine own self seem'd nothing, lacking her.
This maid so idolized that trusted friend
Dishonoured in my absence, soul and body !
Fear, following guilt, tempted to blacker guilt,
And murderers were suborned against my life.
But by my looks, and most impassioned words,
I roused the virtues that are dead in no man,
Even in the assassins' hearts ! they made their terms,
And thanked me for redeeming them from murder.

ALHADRA.

You are lost in thought : hear him no more sweet
Lady !

TERESA.

From morn to night I am myself a dreamer,
And slight things bring on me the idle mood !
Well sir, what happened then ?

ALVAR.

On a rude rock,
A rock, methought, fast by a grove of firs,
Whose thready leaves to the low-breathing gale
Made a soft sound most like the distant ocean,
I stayed, as though the hour of death were passed,
And I were sitting in the world of spirits—
For all things seemed unreal! There I sate—
The dews fell clammy, and the night descended,
Black, sultry, close! and ere the midnight hour
A storm came on, mingling all sounds of fear,
That woods, and sky, and mountains, seemed one
havock.

The second flash of lightning shewed a tree
Hard by me, newly scathed. I rose tumultuous :
My soul worked high, I bared my head to the storm,
And with loud voice and clamorous agony
Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me,
Prayed, that REMORSE might fasten on their hearts,
And cling with poisonous tooth, inextricable
As the gored lion's *bite*!

TERESA (*shuddering*).

A fearful curse !

ALHADRA (*fiercely*).

But dreamt you not that you returned and killed them?
Dreamt you of no revenge ?

ALVAR (*his voice trembling, and in tones of deep distress*). She would have died,
Died in her guilt—perchance by her own hands!
And bending o'er her self-inflicted wounds,
I might have met the evil glance of frenzy,
And leapt myself into an unblest grave!
I prayed for the punishment that cleanses hearts:
For still I loved her!

ALHADRA.

And you dreamt all this?

TERESA.

My soul is full of visions all as wild!

ALHADRA.

There is no room in this heart for puling love tales.

TERESA (*lifts up her veil, and advances to Alvar*).
Stranger, farewell! I guess not who you are,
Nor why you so addressed your tale to me.
Your mien is noble, and I own, perplexed me,
With obscure memory of something past,
Which still escaped my efforts, or presented
Tricks of a fancy pampered with long wishing.
If, as it sometimes happens, our rude startling
Whilst your full heart was shaping out its dream,
Drove you to this, your not ungentle, wildness—
You have my sympathy, and so farewell!

But if some undiscovered wrongs oppress you,
And you need strength to drag them into light,
The generous Valdez, and my Lord Ordonio,
Have arm and will to aid a noble sufferer,
Nor shall you want my favourable pleading.

[*Exeunt Teresa and Alhadra.*

ALVAR (*alone*).

'Tis strange! It cannot be! *my* Lord Ordonio!
Her Lord Ordonio! Nay, I will not do it!
I cursed him once—and one curse is enough!
How had she looked, and pale! but not like guilt—
And her calm tones—sweet as a song of mercy!
If the bad spirit retain'd his angel's voice,
Hell scarce were Hell. And why not innocent?
Who meant to murder me, might well cheat her?
But ere she married him, he had stained her honour;
Ah! there I am hampered. What if this were a lie
Framed by the assassin? Who should tell it *him*,
If it were truth? Ordonio would not tell him.
Yet why one lie? all else, I *know*, was truth.
No start, no jealousy of stirring conscience!
And she referred to *me*—fondly, methought!
Could she walk here if she had been a traitress?
Here where we played together in our childhood?
Here where we plighted vows? where her cold cheek
Received my last kiss, when with suppressed feelings

She had fainted in my arms? It cannot be!
'Tis not in nature! I will die believing,
That I shall meet her where no evil is,
No treachery, no cup dashed from the lips.
I'll haunt this scene no more! live she in peace!
Her husband—aye her *husband*! May this angel
New mould his canker'd heart! Assist me, heaven,
That I may pray for my poor guilty brother! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A wild and mountainous Country. ORDONIO and ISIDORE are discovered, supposed at a little distance from ISIDORE'S house.

ORDONIO.

Here we may stop: your house distinct in view,
Yet we secured from listeners.

ISIDORE.

Now indeed

My house! and it looks cheerful as the clusters
Basking in sunshine on yon vine-clad rock,
That over-brows it! Patron! Friend! Preserver!
Thrice have you saved my life. Once in the battle
You give it me: next rescued me from suicide

When for my follies I was made to wander,
With mouths to feed, and not a morsel for them :
Now but for you, a dungeon's slimy stones
Had been my bed and pillow.

ORDONIO.

Good Isidore !

Why this to me ? It is enough, you know it.

ISIDORE.

A common trick of Gratitude, my lord,
Seeking to ease her own full heart——

ORDONIO.

Enough !

A debt repaid ceases to be a debt.

You have it in your power to serve me greatly.

ISIDORE.

And how, my lord ? I pray you to name the thing.

I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice

To pluck a weed you fancied !

ORDONIO (*with embarrassment and hesitation*).

Why—that—Lady—

ISIDORE.

'Tis now three years, my lord, since last I saw you :

Have you a son, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

O miserable——

[*aside.*

Isidore ! you are a man, and know mankind.

I told you what I wished—now for the *truth*—
She loved the man you kill'd.

ISIDORE (*looking as suddenly alarmed*).

You jest, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

And till his death is proved she will not wed me.

ISIDORE.

You sport with me my lord ?

ORDONIO.

Come, come ! this foolery
Lives only in thy looks, thy heart disowns it !

ISIDORE.

I can bear this, and any thing more grievous
From you, my lord—but how can I serve you here ?

ORDONIO.

Why you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences of deep no-meaning,
Wear a quaint garment, make mysterious antics—

ISIDORE.

I am dull my lord ! I do not comprehend you.

ORDONIO.

In blunt terms, you can play the sorcerer.
She hath no faith in Holy Church 'tis true :
Her lover schooled her in some newer nonsense !
Yet still a tale of spirits works upon her.
She is a lone enthusiast, sensitive,

Shivers, and can not keep the tears in her eye :
 And such do love the marvellous too well
 Not to believe it. We will wind up her fancy
 With a strange music, that she knows not of—
 With fumes of frankincence, and mummary,
 Then leave, as one sure token of his death,
 That portrait, which from off the dead man's neck
 I bade thee take, the trophy of thy conquest.

ISIDORE.

Will that be a sure sign ?

ORDONIO.

Beyond suspicion.

Fondly caressing him, her favour'd lover,
 (By some base spell he had bewitched her senses)
 She whispered such dark fears of me forsooth,
 As made this heart pour gall into my veins.
 And as she coyly bound it round his neck
 She made him promise silence ; and now holds
 The secret of the existence of this portrait
 Known only to her lover and herself.
 But I had traced her, stolen unnotic'd on them,
 And unsuspected saw and heard the whole.

ISIDORE.

But now I should have cursed the man who told me
 You could ask aught, my lord, and I refuse—
 But this I can not do.

ORDONIO.

Where lies your scruple ?

ISIDORE (*with stammering*).

Why—why, my lord !

You know you told me that the lady lov'd you,
Had loved you with *incautious* tenderness ;
That if the young man, her betrothed husband.
Returned, yourself, and she, and the honour of both
Must perish. Now though with no tenderer scruples
Than those which being *native* to the heart,
Than those, my lord, which merely being a man—

ORDONIO (*aloud though to express his contempt
he speaks in the third person*).

This fellow is a Man—he killed for hire
One whom he knew not, yet has tender scruples !

[*Then turning to Isidore.*

These doubts, these fears, thy whine, thy stammering—
Pish, fool ! thou bluner'st through the book of guilt,
Spelling thy villainy.

ISIDORE.

My lord—my lord

I can bear much—yes, very much from you !
But there's a point where sufferance is meanness :
I am no villain—never kill'd for hire—
My gratitude——

ORDONIO.

O aye—your gratitude !

'Twas a well-sounding word—what have you done
with it ?

ISIDORE.

Who proffers his past favours for my virtue—

ORDONIO (*with bitter scorn*).

Virtue——

ISIDORE.

Tries to o'erreach me—is a very sharper,
And should not speak of gratitude, my lord.

I knew not 'twas your brother !

ORDONIO (*alarmed*).

And who told you ?

ISIDORE.

He himself told me.

ORDONIO.

Ha! you talk'd with him !

And those, the two Morescoes who were with you ?

ISIDORE.

Both fell in a night brawl at Malaga.

ORDONIO (*in a low voice*).

My brother—

ISIDORE.

Yes, my lord, I could not tell you !

I thrust away the thought—it drove me wild.

But listen to me now—I pray you listen——

ORDONIO.

Villain ! no more. I'll hear no more of it.

ISIDORE.

My lord, it much imports your future safety
That you should hear it.

ORDONIO (*turning off from Isidore*).

Am not *I* a Man !

'Tis as it should be ! tut—the deed itself
Was idle, and these after-pangs still idler !

ISIDORE.

We met him in the very place you mentioned.
Hard by a grove of firs—

ORDONIO.

Enough—enough—

ISIDORE.

He fought us valiantly, and wounded all ;
In fine, compelled a parley.

ORDONIO (*sighing as if lost in thought*).

Alvar ! brother !

ISIDORE.

He offered me his purse—

ORDONIO (*with eager suspicion*).

Yes ?

ISIDORE (*indignantly*).

Yes—I spurned it.—

He promised us I know not what—in vain !
Then with a look and voice that overawed me,

He said, What mean you friends? My life is dear :
I have a brother and a promised wife,
Who make life dear to me—and if I fall,
That brother will roam earth and hell for vengeance.
There was a likeness in his face to yours ;
I asked his brother's name : he said—Ordonio,
Son of Lord Valdez ! I had well nigh fainted.
At length I said (if that indeed *I* said it,
And that no Spirit made my tongue its organ,)
That woman is dishonored by that brother,
And he the man who sent us to destroy you.
He drove a thrust at me in rage. I told him,
He wore her portrait round his neck. He look'd
As he had been made of the rock that propt his back—
Aye, just as you look now—only less ghastly !
At length recovering from his trance, he threw
His sword away, and bade us take his life,
It was not worth his keeping.

ORDONIO.

And you kill'd him ?

Oh blood hounds ! may eternal wrath flame round you !
He was his Maker's Image undefac'd ? [*a pause.*
It seizes me—by Hell I will go on !
What—would'st thou stop, man ? thy pale looks
won't save thee ! [*a pause.*
Oh cold—cold—cold ! shot through with icy cold !

ISIDORE (*aside*).

Were he alive he had returned ere now
The consequence the same—dead through his plotting!

ORDONIO.

O this unutterable dying away—here—
This sickness of the heart! [a pause.

What if I went
And liv'd in a hollow tomb, and fed on weeds?
Aye! that's the road to heaven! O fool! fool! fool!
[a pause.

What have I done but that which nature destined,
Or the blind elements stirred up within me?
If good were meant, why were we made these Beings?
And if not meant—

ISIDORE.

You are disturbed, my lord!

ORDONIO (*starts, looks at him wildly; then, after
a pause, during which his features are forced into
a smile*).

A gust of the soul! i'faith, it overset me.
O 'twas all folly—all! idle as laughter!
Now, Isidore! I swear that thou shalt aid me.

ISIDORE (*in a low voice*).

I'll perish first!

ORDONIO.

What dost thou mutter of?

ISIDORE.

Some of your servants know me, I am certain.

ORDONIO.

There's some sense in that scruple; but we'll mask you.

ISIDORE.

They'll know my gait: but stay! last night I watched
A stranger near the ruin in the wood,
Who as it seemed was gathering herbs and wild
flowers.

I had followed him at distance, seen him scale
Its western wall, and by an easier entrance
Stole after him unnoticed. There I marked,
That mid the chequer work of light and shade
With curious choice he plucked no other flowers,
But those on which the moonlight fell: and once
I heard him muttering o'er the plant. A wizard—
Some gaunt slave prowling here for dark employment.

ORDONIO.

Doubtless you question'd him?

ISIDORE.

'Twas my intention,
Having first traced him homeward to his haunt.
But lo! the stern Dominican, whose spies
Lurk every where, already (as it seemed)
Had given commission to his apt familiar

To seek and sound the Moor; who now returning,
Was by this trusty agent stopped midway.
I, dreading fresh suspicion if found near him
In that lone place, again concealed myself:
Yet within hearing. So the Moor was question'd,
And in *your* name, as lord of this domain,
Proudly he answered, " Say to the Lord Ordonio,
" He that can bring the dead to life again !"

ORDONIO.

A strange reply !

ISIDORE.

Aye, all of him is strange.
He called himself a Christian, yet he wears
The Moorish robes, as if he courted death.

ORDONIO.

Where does this wizard live ?

ISIDORE (*pointing to the distance*).

You see that brooklet ?
Trace its course backward : through a narrow opening
It leads you to the place.

ORDONIO.

How shall I know it ?

ISIDORE.

You cannot err. It is a small green dell
Built all around with high off-sloping hills,
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it

The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood that branches over,
And makes a kind of faery forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end
A puny cataract falls on the lake ;
And there, a curious sight ! you see its shadow
For ever curling, like a wreath of smoke,
Up through the foliage of those faery trees.
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.

ORDONIO (*in retiring stops suddenly at the edge of
the scene, and then turning round to Isidore*).

Ha !—Who lurks there ! Have we been overheard ?
There where the smooth high wall of slate-rock glit-
ters——

ISIDORE.

'Neath those tall stones, which propping each the
other,

Form a mock portal with their pointed arch ?
Pardon my smiles ! 'Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the Sun, and twirls a Bough about,
His weak eyes seeth'd in most unmeaning tears.
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like Head,
And staring at his Bough from Morn to Sun-set
See-saws his Voice in inarticulate Noises.

ORDONIO.

'Tis well ! and now for this same Wizard's Lair.

ISIDORE.

Some three strides up the hill, a mountain ash,
Stretches its lower boughs and scarlet clusters
O'er the old thatch.

ORDONIO.

I shall not fail to find it.

[*Exeunt Ordonio and Isidore.*]

SCENE II.

The inside of a Cottage, around which flowers and plants of various kinds are seen. Discovers Alvar, Zulimez and Alhadra, as on the point of leaving.

ALHADRA (*addressing Alvar*).

Farewell then! and though many thoughts perplex
me,

Aught evil or ignoble never can I
Suspect of Thee! If what thou seem'st thou art,
The oppressed brethren of thy blood have need
Of such a leader.

ALVAR.

Nobly minded woman!

Long time against oppression have I fought,
And for the native liberty of faith
Have bled and suffered bonds. Of this be certain:

TIME, as he courses onward, still unrolls
The volume of Concealment. In the FUTURE,
As in the optician's glassy cylinder,
The indistinguishable blots and colours
Of the dim PAST collect and shape themselves,
Upstarting in their own completed image
To scare or to reward.

I sought the guilty,
And what I sought I found : but ere the spear
Flew from my hand, there rose an angel form
Betwixt me and my aim. With baffled purpose
To the Avenger I leave Vengeance, and depart !

Whate'er betide, if aught my arm may aid,
Or power protect, my word is pledged to thee :
For many are thy wrongs, and thy soul noble.
Once more farewell.

[*Exit Alhadra.*

Yes, to the Belgic states
We will return. These robes, this stained complexion,
Akin to falsehood, weigh upon my spirit.
Whate'er befall us the heroic Maurice
Will grant us, an asylum, in remembrance
Of our past services.

ZULIMEZ.

And all the wealth, power, influence which is yours,
You let a murderer hold ?

ALVAR.

O faithful Zulimez !

That my return involved Ordonio's death,
I trust, would give me an unmingled pang,
Yet bearable :—but when I see my father
Strewing his scant grey hairs, e'en on the ground,
Which soon must be his grave, and my TERESA—
Her husband proved a murderer, and *her* infants
His infants—poor TERESA !—all would perish,
All perish—all ! and I (nay bear with me)
Could not survive the complicated ruin !

ZULIMEZ (*much affected*).

Nay now ! I have distress'd you—you well know,
I ne'er will quit your fortunes. True, 'tis tiresome !
You are a painter,* one of many fancies !
You can call up past deeds, and make them live
On the blank canvas ! and each little herb,
That grows on mountain bleak, or tangled forest,
You have learnt to name——

Hark ! heard you not some footsteps ?

* Vide Appendix.

ALVAR.

What if it were my brother coming onwards?
I sent a most mysterious message to him.

Enter ORDONIO.

ALVAR (*starting*).

It is he !

ORDONIO (*to himself as he enters*).

If I distinguished right her gait and stature,
It was the Moorish woman, Isidore's wife,
That passed me as I entered. A lit taper,
In the night air, doth not more naturally
Attract the night flies round it, than a conjuror
Draws round him the whole female neighbourhood.

[*Addressing Alvar.*

You know my name, I guess, if not my person.
I am Ordonio, son of the Lord Valdez.

ALVAR (*with deep emotion*).

The Son of Valdez !

[*Ordonio walks leisurely round the room, and looks attentively at the plants.*

ZULIMEZ (*to Alvar*).

Why what ails you now ?

How your hand trembles ! Alvar, speak ! what wish
you ?

ALVAR.

To fall upon his neck and weep forgiveness !

ORDONIO (*returning, and aloud*).

Plucked in the moonlight from a ruined abbey—
Those only, which the pale rays visited!
O the unintelligible power of weeds,
When a few odd prayers have been muttered o'er
them :

Then they work miracles! I warrant you,
There's not a leaf, but underneath it lurks
Some serviceable imp.

There's one of you
Hath sent me a strange message.

ALVAR.

I am he.

ORDONIO,

With you, then, I am to speak :

(*Haughtily waving his hand to Zulimez.*)

And mark you, alone. [Exit Zulimez.

“He that can bring the dead to life again!”—
Such was your message, Sir! You are no dullard,
But one that strips the outward rind of things!

ALVAR.

'Tis fabled there are fruits with tempting rinds,
That are all dust and rottenness within.
Would'st thou I should strip such?

ORDONIO.

Thou quibbling fool,

What dost thou mean? Think'st thou I journeyed
hither,
To sport with thee?

ALVAR.

O no, my lord! to sport
Best suits the gaiety of innocence.

ORDONIO (*aside*).

O what a thing is man! the wisest heart
A Fool! a Fool that laughs at its own folly,
Yet still a fool! [*Looks round the cottage.*

You are poor!

ALVAR.

What follows thence?

ORDONIO.

That you would fain be richer.
The inquisition, too—You comprehend me?
You are poor, in peril. I have wealth and power,
Can quench the flames, and cure your poverty:
And for the boon I ask of you but this,
That you should serve me—once—for a few hours.

ALVAR (*solemnly*).

Thou art the son of Valdez! would to Heaven
That I could truly and for ever serve thee.

ORDONIO.

The slave begins to soften. [*aside.*

You are my friend,

“ He that can bring the dead to life again,”
Nay, no defence to me! The holy brethren
Believe these calumnies—I know thee better.

(then with great bitterness.)

Thou art a man, and as a man I'll trust thee!

ALVAR *(aside)*.

Alas! this hollow mirth—Declare your business.

ORDONIO.

I love a lady, and she would love me
But for an idle and fantastic scruple.
Have you no servants here, no listeners?

[Ordonio steps to the door.]

ALVAR.

What, faithless too? False to his angel wife?
To such a wife? Well might'st thou look so wan,
Ill-starr'd Teresa!——Wretch! my softer soul
Is pass'd away, and I will probe his conscience!

ORDONIO.

In truth this lady lov'd another man,
But he has perish'd.

ALVAR.

What! you kill'd him? hey?

ORDONIO.

I'll dash thee to the earth, if thou but think'st it!
Insolent slave! how dar'dst thou—

[turns abruptly from Alvar, and then to himself.]

Why! what's this?

'Twas idiotcy! I'll tie myself to an aspen,
And wear a fool's cap—

ALVAR (*watching his agitation*).

Fare thee well—

I pity thee, Ordonio, even to anguish.

[*Alvar is retiring.*

ORDONIO (*having recovered himself*).

Ho!

[*calling to Alvar.*

ALVAR.

Be brief, what wish you?

ORDONIO.

You are deep at bartering—You charge yourself
At a round sum. Come, come, I spake unwisely.

ALVAR.

I listen to you.

ORDONIO.

In a sudden tempest,

Did Alvar perish—he, I mean—the lover—
The fellow——

ALVAR.

Nay, speak out! 'twill ease your heart
To call him villain!—Why stand'st thou aghast?
Men think it natural to hate their rivals.

ORDONIO (*hesitating*).

Now, till she knows him dead, she will not wed me.

ALVAR (*with eager vehemence*).

Are you not wedded then? Merciful Heaven!

Not wedded to TERESA?

ORDONIO.

Why what ails thee?

What, art thou mad? why look'st thou upward so?

Dost pray to Lucifer, Prince of the Air?

ALVAR (*recollecting himself*).

Proceed, I shall be silent.

[*Alvar sits, and leaning on the table, hides his face.*]

ORDONIO.

To Teresa?

Politic wizard! ere you sent that message,
You had conn'd your lesson, made yourself proficient
In all my fortunes. Hah! you prophecied
A golden crop! Well, you have not mistaken—
Be faithful to me and I'll pay thee nobly.

ALVAR (*lifting up his head*).

Well! and this lady!

ORDONIO.

If we could make her certain of his death,
She needs must wed me. Ere her lover left her,
She tied a little portrait round his neck,
Entreating him to wear it.

ALVAR (*sighing*).

Yes! he did so!

ORDONIO.

Why no : he was afraid of accidents,
Of robberies, and shipwrecks, and the like.
In secrecy he gave it me to keep,
Till his return.

ALVAR.

What ! he was your friend then !

ORDONIO (*wounded and embarrassed*).

I was his friend.—

Now that he gave it me,
This lady knows not. You are a mighty wizard—
Can call the dead man up—he will not come—
He is in heaven then—there you have no influence,
Still there are tokens—and your imps may bring you
Something he wore about him when he died.
And when the smoke of the incense on the altar
Is pass'd, your spirits will have left this picture.
What say you now ?

ALVAR (*after a pause*).

Ordonio, I will do it.

ORDONIO.

We'll hazard no delay. Be it to-night,
In the early evening. Ask for the Lord Valdez.
I will prepare him. Music too, and incense,
(For I have arranged it—Music, Altar, Incense)
All shall be ready. Here is this same picture,

And here, what you will value more, a purse.
Come early for your magic ceremonies.

ALVAR.

I will not fail to meet you.

ORDONIO.

Till next we meet, farewell !

[Exit Ordonio.

ALVAR (*alone, indignantly flings the purse away
and gazes passionately at the portrait*).

And I did curse thee ?

At midnight ? on my knees ? and I believed
Thee perjur'd, *thee* a traitress ! *Thee* dishonor'd ?
O blind and credulous fool ! O guilt of folly !
Should not thy *inarticulate* Fondnesses,
Thy *Infant* Loves—should not thy *Maiden* Vows
Have come upon my heart ? And this sweet Image
Tied round my neck with many a chaste endearment,
And thrilling hands, that made me weep and tremble—
Ah, coward dupe ! to yield it to the miscreant,
Who spake pollution of thee ! barter for Life
This farewell Pledge, which with impassioned Vow
I had sworn that I would grasp—ev'n in my Death-
pang !

I am unworthy of thy love, Teresa,
Of that unearthly smile upon those lips,

Which ever smiled on me ! Yet do not scorn me—
I lisp'd thy name, ere I had learnt my mother's.

Dear Portrait ! rescued from a traitor's keeping,
I will not now profane thee, holy Image,
To a dark trick. That worst bad man shall find
A picture, which will wake the hell within him,
And rouse a fiery whirlwind in his conscience.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A Hall of Armory, with an Altar at the back of the
Stage. Soft Music from an instrument of Glass or
Steel.*

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, and ALVAR in a Sorcerer's robe,
are discovered.

ORDONIO.

This was too melancholy, Father.

VALDEZ.

Nay,

My Alvar lov'd sad music from a child.
Once he was lost ; and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breath'd into a pipe of sycamore

Some strangely moving notes : and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretch'd on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank :
And lower down poor ALVAR, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleas'd me
To mark how he had fasten'd round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then look'd—
Even so !—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR.

My tears must not flow !

I must not clasp his knees, and cry, My father !

Enter TERESA, and Attendants.

TERESA.

Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit ; but (Heaven bear witness for me)
My heart approves it not ! 'tis mockery.

ORDONIO.

Believe you then no preternatural influence:
Believe you not that spirits throng around us ?

TERESA.

Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing ; and it has sooth'd my soul
As other fancies have ; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope

That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
 (To *Alvar*.) Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you
 here,
 On such employment! With far other thoughts
 I left you.

ORDONIO (*aside*).

Ha! he has been tampering with her?

ALVAR.

O high-soul'd Maiden! and more dear to me
 Than suits the *Stranger's* name!—

I swear to thee

I will uncover all concealed guilt.

Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind
 the scene.*]

ALVAR.

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
 I call up the Departed!

Soul of Alvar!

Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
 So may the Gates of Paradise, unbarr'd,
 Cease thy swift toils! Since haply thou art one
 Of that innumerable company
 Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
 Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
 With noise too vast and constant to be heard:

Fitliest unheard ! For oh, ye numberless,
 And rapid Travellers ! what ear unstunn'd,
 What sense unmadden'd, might bear up against
 The rushing of your congregated wings ?

[*Music.*

Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head !

[*Music expressive of the movements and images
 that follow.*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert Sands,
 That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
 A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
 To the parch'd caravan that roams by night !
 And ye build upon the becalmed waves
 That whirling pillar, which from Earth to Heaven
 Stands vast, and moves in blackness ! Ye too split
 The ice mount ! and with fragments many and huge
 Tempest the new-thaw'd sea, whose sudden gulphs
 Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff !
 Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,
 Till from the blue swoln Corse the Soul toils out,
 And joins your mighty Army.

[*Here behind the scenes a voice sings the three
 words, " Hear, Sweet Spirit."*

Soul of Alvar !

Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker Charm !
 By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang

Of a half dead, yet still undying Hope,
 Pass visible before our mortal sense!
 So shall the Church's cleansing rites be thine,
 Her knells and masses that redeem the Dead!

SONG.

Behind the Scenes, accompanied by the same Instrument as before.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
 Lest a blacker charm compel!
 So shall the midnight breezes swell
 With thy deep long-lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
 In a Chapel on the shore,
 Shall the Chaunters sad and saintly,
 Yellow tapers burning faintly,
 Doleful Masses chaunt for thee,
 Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
 On the yellow moonlight sea:
 The boatmen rest their oars and say,
 Miserere Domine! [A long pause.

ORDONIO.

The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
 My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,

Burst on our sight, a passing visitant !
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
O 'twere a joy to me !

ALVAR.

A joy to thee !

What if thou heard'st him now ? What if his spirit
Re-enter'd it's cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poinard ?
What (if his stedfast Eye still beaming Pity
And Brother's love) he turn'd his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of Penitence ?

VALDEZ.

These are unholy fancies !

ORDONIO (*struggling with his feelings*).

Yes, my father,

He is in Heaven !

ALVAR (*still to Ordonio*).

But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour,
The name of Heaven would have convulsed his face,
More than the death-pang ?

VALDEZ.

Idly prating man !

Thou hast guess'd ill : Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him !
He is most virtuous.

ALVAR (*still to Ordonio*).

What, if his very virtues
Had pampered his swoln heart and made him proud?
And what if Pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created God,
Not very bold, but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his Mother's looking-glass
Would force his features to a frowning sternness?
Young Lord! I tell thee, that there are such Beings—
Yea, and it gives fierce merriment to the damn'd,
To see these most proud men, that loath mankind,
At every stir and buz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie, most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*music again.*]

TERESA.

'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatsoe'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark Provoking of the Hidden Powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's Memory!—Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful Shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still Heart listens,
Comfort and faithful Hope! Let us retire.

ALVAR (*to Teresa anxiously*).

O full of faith and guileless love, thy Spirit
Still prompts thee wisely. Let the pangs of guilt
Surprise the guilty : thou art innocent!

[*Exeunt Teresa and Attendant.*

(*Music as before.*)

The spell is mutter'd—Come, thou wandering Shape,
Who own'st no Master in a human eye,
Whate'er be this man's doom, fair be it, or foul,
If he be dead, O come ! and bring with thee
That which he grasp'd in death ! But if he live,
Some token of his obscure perilous life.

[*the whole Music clashes into a Chorus.*

CHORUS.

Wandering Demons hear the spell !

Lest a blacker charm compel—

[*The incense on the altar takes fire suddenly, and
an illuminated picture of Alvar's assassination
is discovered, and having remained a few se-
conds is then hidden by ascending flames.*

ORDONIO (*starting in great agitation*).

Duped ! duped ! duped !—the traitor Isidore !

[*At this instant the doors are forced open, Mon-
viedro and the familiars of the inquisition,
servants, &c. enter and fill the stage.*

MONVIEDRO.

First seize the sorcerer ! suffer him not to speak !

The holy judges of the Inquisition
Shall hear his first words.—Look you pale, Lord
Valdez?

Plain evidence have we here of most foul sorcery.
There is a dungeon underneath this castle,
And as you hope for mild interpretation,
Surrender instantly the keys and charge of it.

ORDONIO (*recovering himself as from stupor,
to servants*).

Why haste you not? Off with him to the dungeon!
[*all rush out in tumult.*]

SCENE II.

Interior of a Chapel, with painted Windows.

Enter TERESA.

When first I entered this pure spot, forebodings
Press'd heavy on my heart: but as I knelt,
Such calm unwonted bliss possess'd my spirit,
A trance so cloudless, that those sounds, hard by,
Of trampling uproar fell upon mine ear
As alien and unnoticed as the rain-storm
Beats on the roof of some fair banquet room,
While sweetest melodies are warbling——

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Ye pitying saints, forgive a father's blindness,
And extricate us from this net of peril!

TERESA.

Who wakes anew my fears, and speaks of peril?

VALDEZ.

O best Teresa, wisely wert thou prompted!
This was no feat of mortal agency!
That picture—Oh, that picture tells me all!
With a flash of light it came, in flames it vanished,
Self-kindled, self-consum'd : bright as thy Life,
Sudden and unexpected as thy Fate,
Alvar ! My Son ! My Son !—The Inquisitor—

TERESA.

Torture me not ! But Alvar—Oh of Alvar ?

VALDEZ.

How often would He plead for these Morescoes !
The brood accurst ! remorseless, coward murderers !

TERESA (*wildly*).

So ? so ?—I comprehend you—He is——

VALDEZ (*with averted countenance*).

He is no more !

TERESA.

O sorrow ! that a Father's Voice should say this,
A Father's Heart believe it !

VALDEZ.

A worse sorrow

Are Fancy's wild Hopes to a heart despairing !

TERESA.

These rays that slant in through those gorgeous
windows,

From yon bright orb—though coloured as they pass,
Are they not Light?—Even so that voice, Lord
Valdez!

Which whispers to my soul, though haply varied
By many a Fancy, many a wishful Hope,
Speaks yet the Truth : and Alvar lives for me !

VALDEZ.

Yes, for three wasting years, thus and no other,
He has lived for thee—a spirit for thy spirit!
My child, we must not give religious faith
To every voice which makes the heart a listener
To its own wish.

TERESA.

I breath'd to the Unerring
Permitted prayers. Must those remain unanswer'd,
Yet impious Sorcery, that holds no commune
Save with the lying spirit, claim belief?

VALDEZ.

O not to day, not now for the first time
Was Alvar lost to thee—

[turning off, aloud, but yet as to himself.]

Accurst assassins !

Disarmed, o'erpowered, despairing of defence,
At his bared breast he seem'd to grasp some relict
More dear than was his life——

TERESA (*with faint shriek*).

O Heavens! *my* portrait!
And he *did* grasp it in his death pang!

Off, false Demon,
That beat'st thy black wings close above my head!

[*Ordonio enters with the keys of the dungeon
in his hand.*

Hush! who comes here? 'The wizard Moor's employer!

Moors were his murderers, you say? Saints shield us
From wicked thoughts——

[*Valdez moves towards the back of the stage
to meet Ordonio, and during the concluding
lines of Teresa's speech appears as eagerly
conversing with him.*

Is Alvar dead? what then?

The nuptial rites and funeral shall be one!

Here's no abiding-place for thee, Teresa.—

Away! they see me not—*Thou* seest me, Alvar!

To thee I bend my course.—But first one question,

One question to Ordonio.—My limbs tremble—

There I may sit unmark'd—a moment will restore me.

[*retires out of sight.*

ORDONIO (*as he advances with Valdez*).

These are the dungeon keys. Monviedro knew not,
That I too had received the wizard's message,
"He that can bring the dead to life again."
But now he is satisfied, I plann'd this scheme
To work a full conviction on the culprit,
And he entrusts him wholly to my keeping.

VALDEZ.

'Tis well, my son ! But have you yet discovered
Where is Teresa ?) what those speeches meant—
Pride, and Hypocrisy, and Guilt, and Cunning ?
Then when the wizard fix'd his eye on you,
And you, I know not why, look'd pale and trembled—
Why—why, what ails you now ?—

ORDONIO (*confused*).

Me ? what ails me ?

A pricking of the blood—It might have happen'd
At any other time.—Why scan you me ?

VALDEZ.

His speech about the corse, and stabs and murderers,
Bore reference to the assassins——

ORDONIO.

Dup'd ! dup'd ! dup'd !

The traitor, Isidore ! [*a pause, then wildly.*

I tell thee, my dear father !

I am most glad of this.

VALDEZ (*confused*).

True—Sorcery

Merits its doom ; and this perchance may guide us
To the discovery of the murderers.

I have their statures and their several faces
So present to me, that but once to meet them
Would be to recognize.

ORDONIO.

Yes! yes! we recognize them.

I was benumb'd, and staggered up and down
Through darkness without light—dark—dark—dark!
My flesh crept chill, my limbs felt manacled,
As had a snake coil'd round them!—Now 'tis sun-
shine,

And the blood dances freely through its channels!

[*turns off abruptly ; then to himself.*

This is my virtuous, *grateful* Isidore!

[*then mimicking Isidore's manner and voice.*

“ A common trick of gratitude, my lord !”

Old Gratitude! a dagger would dissect

His “ own full heart”—’twere good to see its colour.

VALDEZ.

These magic sights! O that I ne’er had yielded,
To your entreaties! Neither had I yielded,
But that in spite of your own seeming faith
I held it for some innocent stratagem,

Which Love had prompted, to remove the doubts
Of wild Teresa—by fancies quelling fancies!

ORDONIO (*in a slow voice, as reasoning to himself*).
Love! Love! and then we hate! and what? and
wherefore?

Hatred and Love! Fancies opposed by fancies!
What? if one reptile sting another reptile?
Where is the crime? The goodly face of nature
Hath one disfiguring stain the less upon it.
Are we not all predestined Transiency,
And cold Dishonour? Grant it, that this hand
Had given a morsel to the hungry worms
Somewhat too early—Where's the crime of this?
That this must needs bring on the idiotcy
Of moist-eyed Penitence—'tis like a dream!

VALDEZ.

Wild talk, my son! But thy excess of feeling——
[*averting himself*.
Almost I fear, it hath unhinged his brain.

ORDONIO (*now in soliloquy, and now addressing his
father: and just after the speech has
commenced, Teresa reappears and ad-
vances slowly*).

Say, I had laid a body in the sun!
Well! in a month there swarm forth from the corse

For while we LIVE—

An inward day that never, never sets,

Glares round the soul, and mocks the closing eyelids !

Over his rocky grave the Fir-grove sighs

A lulling ceaseless dirge ! 'Tis well with HIM.

*[Strides off in agitation towards the altar, but
returns as Valdez is speaking.]*

TERESA (*recoiling with the expression appropriate
to the passion*).

The rock ! the fir-grove !

[To Valdez.]

Did'st thou hear him say it ?

Hush ! I will ask him !

VALDEZ.

Urge him not—not now !

This we *beheld*. Nor *He* nor I know more,

Than what the magic imagery revealed.

The assassin, who pressed foremost of the three——

ORDONIO.

A tender-hearted, scrupulous, *grateful* villian,

Whom I will strangle !

VALDEZ (*looking with anxious disquiet at his Son,
yet attempting to proceed with his description*).

While his two companions——

ORDONIO.

Dead ! dead already ! what care we for the dead ?

VALDEZ (*to Teresa*).

Pity him ! sooth him ! disenchant his spirit !
These supernatural shews, this strange disclosure,
And this too fond affection, which still broods
O'er Alvar's Fate, and still burns to avenge it—
These, struggling with his hopeless love for you,
Distemper him, and give reality
To the creatures of his fancy.

ORDONIO.

Is it so ?

Yes ! yes ! even like a child, that too abruptly
Roused by a glare of light from deepest sleep
Starts up bewildered and talks idly.

(*Then mysteriously*). Father !

What if the Moors that made my brother's grave,
Even now were digging ours' ? What if the bolt,
Though aim'd, I doubt not, at the son of Valdez,
Yet miss'd it's true aim when it fell on Alvar ?

VALDEZ.

Alvar ne'er fought against the Moors,—say rather,
He was their advocate ; but you had march'd
With fire and desolation through their villages.—
Yet he by chance was captured.

ORDONIO.

Unknown, perhaps,

Captured, yet as the son of Valdez, murdered.
Leave all to me. Nay, whither, gentle Lady?

VALDEZ.

What seek you now ?

TERESA.

A better, surer light

To guide me——

Both VALDEZ and ORDONIO.

Whither ?

TERESA.

To the only place

Where life yet dwells for me, and ease of heart.
These walls seem threatening to fall in upon me!
Detain me not ! a dim power drives me hence,
And that will be my guide.

VALDEZ.

To find a lover !

Suits that a high born maiden's modesty ?
O folly and shame ! Tempt not my rage, Teresa !

TERESA.

Hopeless, I fear no human being's rage.
And am I hastening to the arms——O Heaven!
I haste but to the grave of my beloved !

[Exit, Valdez following after her.]

ORDONIO.

This, then, is my reward ! and I must love her ?

Scorn'd ! shudder'd at ! yet love her still ? yes ! yes !
By the deep feelings of Revenge and Hate
I will still love her—woo her—*win* her too !
(*a pause*) Isidore safe and silent, and the portrait
Found on the wizard—he, belike, self-poison'd
To escape the crueller flames——My soul shouts
triumph !

The mine is undermined ! Blood ! Blood ! Blood !
They thirst for thy blood ! *thy* blood, Ordonio !

[*a pause.*

The Hunt is up ! and in the midnight wood
With lights to dazzle and with nets they seek
A timid prey : and lo ! the tiger's eye
Glares in the red flame of his hunter's torch !

To Isidore I will dispatch a message,
And lure him to the cavern ! aye, that cavern !
He cannot fail to find it. Thither I'll lure him,
Whence he shall never, never more return !

[*Looks through the side window.*

A rim of the sun lies yet upon the sea,
And now 'tis gone ! All shall be done to night.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A cavern, dark, except where a gleam of moonlight is seen on one side at the further end of it; supposed to be cast on it from a crevice in a part of the cavern out of sight. Isidore alone, an extinguished torch in his hand.

ISIDORE.

Faith 'twas a moving letter—very moving!

“His life in danger, no place safe but this!

“’Twas his turn now to talk of gratitude.”

And yet—but no! there can’t be such a villain.

It can not be!

Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I’ll go and sit by it.
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat’s beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep—
Any thing but this crash of water drops!
These dull abortive sounds that fret the silence
With puny thwartings and mock opposition!
So beats the death-watch to a sick man’s ear.

[He goes out of sight, opposite to the patch of moonlight: returns after a minute’s elapse, in an extasy of fear.]

A hellish *pit* ! The very same I dreamt of !
I was just in—and those damn'd fingers of ice
Which clutch'd my hair up ! Ha !—what's that—it
mov'd.

[*Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern. In the mean time Ordonio enters with a torch, and halloos to Isidore.*

ISIDORE.

I swear that I saw something moving there !
The moonshine came and went like a flash of light-
ning——

I swear, I saw it move.

ORDONIO (*goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn*).

A jutting clay stone
Props on the long lank weed, that grows beneath :
And the weed nods and drips.

ISIDORE (*forcing a laugh faintly*).

A jest to laugh at !
It was not that which scar'd me, good my lord.

ORDONIO.

What scar'd you, then ?

ISIDORE.

You see that little rift ?
But first permit me !
[*Lights his torch at Ordonio's, and while lighting it.*

(A lighted torch in the hand,
 Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
 Floats round the flame, and makes as many colours
 As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.)
 You see that crevice there ?
 My torch extinguished by these water drops,
 And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
 I step in to it, meaning to sit there ;
 But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
 My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
 Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
 Of a huge chasm I sept. The shadowy moonshine
 Filling the Void so counterfeited Substance,
 That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
 Was it my own fear ?

Fear too hath its instincts !

(And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
 And there are Beings that live, yet not for the eye)
 An arm of frost above and from behind me
 Pluck'd up and snatched me backward. Merciful
 Heaven !

You smile ! alas, even smiles look ghastly here !
 My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.

ORDONIO.

It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you.

ISIDORE.

If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so !
Or had it drizzled needle points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—

ORDONIO (*interrupting him*).

Why Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a *brave* man for a moment—
But such a panic—

ISIDORE.

When a boy, my lord !

I could have sate whole hours beside that chasm,
Push'd in huge [stones and heard them strike and
rattle

Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blest, which never
A living thing came near—unless, perchance,
Some blind-worm battens on the ropy mould
Close at its edge.

ORDONIO.

Art thou more coward now ?

ISIDORE.

Call him, that fears his fellow man, a coward !
 I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
 It were too bad a prison house for goblins.
 Beside, (you'll smile my lord) but true it is,
 My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted
 By what had passed between us in the morning.
 O sleep of horrors ! Now run down and stared at
 By Forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
 Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
 But only being *afraid*—stifled with Fear !
 While every goodly or familiar form
 Had a strange power of breathing terror round me !
 I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes ;
 And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
 In my last dream——

ORDONIO.

Well ?

ISIDORE.

I was in the act
 Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadra
 Wak'd me : she heard my heart beat.

ORDONIO.

Strange enough !

Had you been here before ?

ISIDORE.

Never, my lord !

But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.

ORDONIO (*stands lost in thought, then after a pause*).

I know not why it should be ! yet it is—

ISIDORE.

What is, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

Abhorrent from our nature,

To kill a man.—

ISIDORE.

Except in self defence.

ORDONIO.

Why that's my case ; and yet the soul recoils from
it—

'Tis so with me at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings ?

ISIDORE.

Something troubles you.

How shall I serve you ? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life of value to me,
My wife, my babes, my honour, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent ! But this, my lord !

Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
 No, nor propose a wicked thing. The darkness,
 When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,
 Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart.
 It must be innocent.

[*Ordonio darkly, and in the feeling of self justification,
 tells what he conceives of his own character and
 actions, speaking of himself in the third person.*

ORDONIO.

Thyself be judge.

One of our family knew this place well.

ISIDORE.

Who? when? my lord?

ORDONIO.

What boots it, who or when?

Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.

[*They hang up their torches on some ridge in
 the cavern.*

He was a man different from other men,
 And he despised them, yet revered himself.

ISIDORE (*aside*).

He? *He* despised? Thou'rt speaking of thyself!

I am on my guard however: no surprize.

[*Then to Ordonio.*

What he was mad?

ORDONIO.

All men seemed mad to him!

Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.

ISIDORE.

Of himself he speaks. [*aside.*

Alas ! poor wretch !

Mad men are mostly proud.

ORDONIO.

He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought-for troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities ; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest :
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep :
The man who heard him.—

Why didst thou look round ?

ISIDORE.

I have a prattler three years old, my lord !
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed !
And what did this man ?

ORDONIO.

With his human hand

He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—

Well it was done ! *[then very wildly.]*

Why babblest thou of guilt ?

The deed was done, and it passed fairly off. .

And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen ?

ISIDORE.

I would my lord you were by my fire-side,
I'd listen to you with an eager eye,
Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight,
But I do listen—pray proceed my lord.

ORDONIO.

Where was I ?

ISIDORE.

He of whom you tell the tale—

ORDONIO.

Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed !
But that same over ready agent—he—

ISIDORE.

Ah ! what of *him*, my lord ?

ORDONIO.

He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,

And they between them hatch'd a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdez? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.—

*[Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from
Isidore, then after a pause returns.]*

Our links burn dimly.

ISIDORE.

A dark tale darkly finished! Nay, my lord!
Tell what he did.

ORDONIO.

That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the Traitor meet him in this cavern,
And here he kill'd the Traitor.

ISIDORE.

No! the fool!

He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder *thee*, if e'er his guilt grew jealous,
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!

ORDONIO.

Thou would'st not then have come, if—

ISIDORE.

Oh yes, my lord!

I would have met him arm'd, and scar'd the coward.

[Isidore throws off his robe ; shews himself armed and draws his sword.]

ORDONIO.

Now this is excellent and warms the blood !
My heart was drawing back, drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my Ven-
geance

Beckons me onwards with a Warrior's mien,
And claims that life, my pity robb'd her of—
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.

ISIDORE.

And all my little ones fatherless—

Die thou first.

[They fight, Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess with his torch, Ordonio follows him ; a loud cry of " Traitor ! Monster !" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.]

ORDONIO.

I have hurl'd him down the Chasm ! Treason for
Treason.

He *dreamt* of it : henceforward let him sleep,

A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His *dream* too is made out—Now for his friend.

[*Exit Ordonio.*]

SCENE II.*

*The interior Court of a Saracenic or Gothic Castle,
with the Iron Gate of Dungeon visible.*

TERESA.

Heart-chilling Superstition! thou canst glaze
Ev'n Pity's eye with her own frozen tear.
In vain I urge the tortures that await him ;
Even Selma, reverend guardian of my childhood,
My second mother, shuts her heart against me!
Well, I have won from her what most imports
The present need, this secret of the dungeon
Known only to herself.—A Moor! a Sorcerer!
No, I have faith, that nature ne'er permitted
Baseness to wear a form so noble. True,
I doubt not, that Ordonio had suborned him
To act some part in some unholy fraud ;
As little doubt, that for some unknown purpose
He hath baffled his suborner, terror-struck him,
And that Ordonio meditates revenge !

* Vide Appendix. A.

But my resolve is fixed ! myself will rescue him,
And learn if haply he know aught of Alvar.

Enter VALDEZ.

VALDEZ.

Still sad ?—and gazing at the massive door
Of that fell Dungeon which thou ne'er had'st sight of,
Save what, perchance, thy infant fancy shap'd it
When the nurse still'd thy cries with unmeant threats.
Now by my faith, Girl ! this same wizard haunts thee !
A stately man, and eloquent and tender—

[with a sneer.

Who they need wonder if a lady sighs
Even at the thought of what these stern Domini-
cans—

TERESA (*with solemn indignation*).

The horror of their ghastly punishments
Doth so o'ertop the height of all compassion,
That I should feel too little for mine enemy,
If it were possible I could feel more,
Even though the dearest inmates of our household
Were doom'd to suffer them. That such things are—

VALDEZ.

Hush, thoughtless woman !

TERESA.

Nay it wakes within me
More than a woman's spirit.

VALDEZ.

No more of this—
What if Monviedro or his creatures hear us !
I dare not listen to you.

TERESA.

My honoured lord,
These were my Alvar's lessons, and whene'er
I bend me o'er his portrait, I repeat them,
As if to give a voice to the mute image.

VALDEZ.

———We have mourned for Alvar.
Of his sad fate there now remains no doubt.
Have I no other son ?

TERESA.

Speak not of him !
That low imposture ! That mysterious picture !
If this be madness, must I wed a madman ?
And if not madness, there is mystery,
And guilt doth lurk behind it.

VALDEZ.

Is this well ?

TERESA.

Yes, it is truth : saw you his countenance ?
How rage, remorse, and scorn, and stupid fear.
Displaced each other with swift interchanges ?
O that I had indeed the sorcerer's power.——

I would call up before thine eyes the image
Of my betrothed Alvar, of thy First-born !
His own fair countenance, his kingly forehead,
His tender smiles, love's day-dawn on his lips !
That spiritual and almost heavenly light
In his commanding eye—his mien heroic,
Virtues's own native heraldry ! to man
Genial, and pleasant to his guardian angel.
Whene'er he gladden'd, how the gladness spread
Wide round him ! and when oft with swelling tears,
Flash'd through by indignation, he bewail'd
The wrongs of Belgium's martyr'd patriots,
Oh, what a grief was *there*—for joy to envy,
Or gaze upon enamour'd !

O my father!

Recall that morning when we knelt together,
And thou didst bless our loves ! O even now,
Even now, my sire ! to thy mind's eye present him,
As at that moment he rose up before thee,
Stately, with beaming look ! Place, place beside him
Ordonio's dark perturbed countenance !
Then bid me (Oh thou could'st not) bid me turn
From him, the joy, the triumph of our kind !
To take in exchange that brooding man, who never
Lifts up his eye from the earth, unless to scowl.

VALDEZ.

Ungrateful woman ! I have tried to stifle
 An old man's passion ! was it not enough,
 That thou hast made my son a restless man,
 Banish'd his health, and half unhing'd his reason ;
 But that thou wilt insult him with suspicion ?
 And toil to blast his honour ? I am old,
 A comfortless old man !

TERESA,

O Grief ! to hear
 Hateful intreaties from a voice we love !

Enter a Peasant and presents a letter to Valdez.

VALDEZ (*reading it*).

" He dares not venture hither !" Why what can this
 mean ?

" Lest the Familiars of the Inquisition,
 " That watch around my gates, should intercept him ;
 " But he conjures me, that without delay
 " I hasten to him—for my own sake entreats me
 " To guard from danger him I hold imprison'd—
 " He will reveal a secret, the joy of which
 " Will even outweigh the sorrow."—Why what can
 this be ?

Perchance it is some Moorish stratagem,
 To have in me an hostage for his safety.

Nay, that they dare not? Ho! collect my servants!
I will go thither—let them arm themselves.

[*Exit Valdez.*]

TERESA (*alone*).

The moon is high in heaven, and all is hush'd.
Yet anxious listener! I have seem'd to hear
A low dead thunder mutter thro' the night,
As 'twere a giant angry in his sleep.

O Alvar! Alvar! that they could return
Those blessed days that imitated heaven,
When we two wont to walk at even tide;
When we saw nought but beauty; when we heard
The voice of that Almighty One who loved us
In every gale that breathed, and wave that murmur'd!
O we have listen'd, even till high-wrought pleasure
Hath half assumed the countenance of grief,
And the deep sigh seemed to heave up a weight
Of bliss, that pressed too heavy on the heart.

[*a pause.*]

And this majestic Moor, seems he not one
Who oft and long communing with my Alvar
Hath drunk in kindred lustre from his presence,
And guides me to him with reflected light?
What if in yon dark dungeon coward Treachery

Be groping for him with envenomed poignard—
Hence womanish fears, traitors to love and duty—
I'll free him. [*Exit Teresa.*]

SCENE III.

The mountains by moonlight. ALHADRA alone in a Moorish dress.

ALHADRA.

Yon hanging woods, that touch'd by autumn seem
As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold;
The flower-like woods, most lovely in decay,
The many clouds, the sea, the rock, the sands,
Lie in the silent moonshine: and the owl,
(Strange! very strange!) the screech-owl only wakes!
Sole voice, sole eye of all this world of beauty!
Unless, perhaps, she sing her screeching song
To a herd of wolves, that skulk athirst for blood.
Why such a thing am I?—Where are these men?
I need the sympathy of human faces,
To beat away this deep contempt for all things,
Which quenches my revenge. Oh! would to Alla,
The raven, or the sea-mew, were appointed
To bring me food! or rather that my soul

Could drink in life from the universal air !
 It were a lot divine in some small skiff
 Along some Ocean's boundless solitude,
 To float for ever with a careless course,
 And think myself the only Being alive !

My children !—Isidore's children !—Son of Valdez,
 This hath new strung mine arm. Thou coward Tyrant !
 To stupify a Woman's Heart with anguish,
 Till she forgot—even that she was a Mother !

[She fixes her eye on the earth. Then drop in one after another, from different parts of the stage, a considerable number of Morescoes, all in Moorish garments and Moorish armour. They form a circle at a distance round Alhadra, and remain silent till the Second in command, Naomi, enters, distinguished by his dress and armour, and by the silent obeisance paid to him on his entrance by the other Moors.]

NAOMI.

Woman ! May Alla and the prophet bless thee !
 We have obeyed thy call. Where is our chief ?
 And why didst thou enjoin these Moorish garments ?

ALHADRA *(raising her eyes, and looking round on the circle)*.

Warriors of Mahomet ! faithful in the battle !
 My countrymen ! Come ye prepared to work

An honourable deed? And would ye work it
 In the slave's garb? Curse on those Christian robes!
 'They are spell-blasted: and whoever wears them,
 His arm shrinks wither'd, his heart melts away,
 And his bones soften.

NAOMI.

Where is Isidore?

ALHADRA (*in a deep low voice*).

This night I went from forth my house, and left,
 His children all asleep: and he was living!
 And I return'd and found them still asleep,
 But he had perished——

ALL MORESCOES.

Perished?

ALHADRA.

He had perished!

Sleep on, poor babes! not one of you doth know
 That he is fatherless—a desolate orphan!
 Why should we wake them? Can an infant's arm
 Revenge his murder?

ONE MORESCOE (*to another*).

Did she say his murder?

NAOMI.

Murder? Not murdered?

ALHADRA.

Murdered by a Christian!

[*They all at once draw their sabres.*

ALHADRA (*To Naomi, who advances from the circle*).

Brother of Zagri ! fling away thy sword ;

This is thy chieftain's ! [*He steps forward to take it.*

Dost thou dare receive it ?

For I have sworn by Alla and the Prophet,

No tear shall dim these eyes, this woman's heart

Shall heave no groan, till I have seen that sword

Wet with the life-blood of the son of Valdez !

[*a pause.*

Ordonio was your chieftain's murderer !

NAOMI.

He dies, by Alla !

ALL (*kneeling*).

By Alla !

ALHADRA.

This night your chieftain armed himself,

And hurried from me. But I followed him

At distance, till I saw him enter—*there !*

NAOMI.

The cavern ?

ALHADRA.

Yes, the mouth of yonder cavern.

After a while I saw the son of Valdez

Rush by with flaring torch ; he likewise entered.

There was another and a longer pause ;

And once, methought I heard the clash of swords !

And soon the son of Valdez re-appeared :

He flung his torch towards the moon in sport,
And seemed as he were mirthful ! I stood listening,
Impatient for the footsteps of my husband !

NAOMI.

Thou called'st him ?

ALHADRA.

I crept into the cavern—
'Twas dark and very silent. (*then wildly.*)

What saidst thou ?

No ! no ! I did not dare call, Isidore,
Lest I should hear no answer ! A brief while,
Belike, I lost all thought and memory
Of that for which I came ! After that pause,
O Heaven ! I heard a groan, and followed it :
And yet another groan, which guided me
Into a strange recess—and there was *light*,
A hideous light ! his torch lay on the ground ;
Its flame burnt dimly o'er a chasm's brink :
I spake ; and whilst I spake, a feeble groan
Came from that chasm ! it was his last ! his death-
groan !

NAOMI.

Comfort her, Alla.

ALHADRA.

I stood in unimaginable trance
And agony that cannot be remembered,

Listening with horrid hope to hear a groan !
But I had heard his last : my husband's death-
groan ?

NAOMI.

Haste ! let us onward.

ALHADRA.

I looked far down the pit—
My sight was bounded by a jutting fragment :
And it was stained with blood. Then first I shrieked,
My eye-balls burnt, my brain grew hot as fire,
And all the hanging drops of the wet roof
Turned into blood—I saw them turn to blood !
And I was leaping wildly down the chasm,
When on the farther brink I saw his sword,
And it said, Vengeance !—Curses on my tongue !
The moon hath moved in Heaven, and I am here,
And he hath not had vengeance ! Isidore !
Spirit of Isidore ! thy murderer lives !
Away ! away !

ALL.

Away ! away !

[She rushes off, all following her.]

ACT V.—SCENE I.

A Dungeon.

ALVAR (*alone*) *rises slowly from a bed of reeds.*

ALVA.

And this place my forefathers made for man !
This is the process of our Love and Wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty ?
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pore and natural outlet shrivelled up
By Ignorance and parching Poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,
They break out on him, like a loathsome plague-spot !
Then we call in our pampered mountebanks :
And this is their best cure ! uncomforted
And friendless Solitude, Groaning and Tears,
And savage Faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapours of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
By sights of evermore deformity !

With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
 Healest thy wandering and distempered child :
 Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
 Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets ;
 Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters !
 Till he relent, and can no more endure
 To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
 Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
 But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
 His angy spirit healed and harmonized
 By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

I am chill and weary ! Yon rude bench of stone,
 In that dark angle, the sole resting-place !
 But the self-approving mind is its own light
 And life's best warmth still radiates from the heart
 Where love sits brooding, and an honest purpose.

[retires out of sight.]

Enter TERESA with a Taper.

TERESA.

It has chilled my very life——my own voice scares me ;
 Yet when I hear it not I seem to lose
 The substance of my being——my strongest grasp
 Sends inwards but weak witness that I am.
 I seek to cheat the echo.—How the half sounds
 Blend with this strangled light ! Is he not here—

[looking round.]

O for one human face here—but to see
 One human face here to sustain me.—Courage !
 It is but my own fear ! The life within me,
 It sinks and wavers like this cone of flame,
 Beyond which I scarce dare look onward ! Oh !

[*shuddering.*

If I faint ? If this inhuman den should be
 At once my death-bed and my burial vault ?

[*Faintly screams as Alvar emerges from the recess.*

ALVAR (*rushes towards her, and catches her as
 she is falling*).

O gracious heaven ! it is, it is Teresa !
 Shall I reveal myself ? The sudden shock
 Of rapture will blow out this spark of life,
 And Joy complete what Terror has begun.
 O ye impetuous beatings here, be still !
 Teresa, best beloved ! pale, pale, and cold !
 Her pulse doth flutter ! Teresa ! my Teresa !

TERESA (*recovering, looks round wildly*).

I heard a voice ; but often in my dreams
 I hear that voice ! and wake and try—and try—
 To hear it waking ! but I never could—
 And 'tis so now—even so ! Well ! he is dead—
 Murdered perhaps ! And I am faint, and feel
 As if it were no painful thing to die !

ALVAR (*eagerly*).

Believe it not, sweet maid ! Believe it not,

Beloved, woman! 'Twas a low imposture
Framed by a guilty wretch.

TERESA (*retires from him, and feebly supports herself against a pillar of the dungeon*).

Ha! Who art thou?

ALVAR (*exceedingly affected*).

Suborned by his brother—

TERESA.

Didst thou murder him?

And dost thou now repent? Poor troubled man,
I do forgive thee, and may Heaven forgive thee!

ALVAR.

Ordonio—he—

TERESA.

If thou didst murder him—

His spirit ever at the throne of God
Asks mercy for thee: prays for mercy for thee,
With tears in Heaven!

ALVAR.

Alvar was not murdered.

Be calm! Be calm, sweet maid!

TERESA (*wildly*).

Nay, nay, but tell me!

[*a pause, then presses her forehead.*

O 'tis lost again!

This dull confused pain—

[*a pause, she gazes at Alvar.*

Mysterious man !

Methinks I can not fear thee : for thine eye
Doth swim with love and pity—Well ! Ordonio—
Oh my foreboding heart ! And *he* suborned thee,
And thou didst spare his life ? Blessings shower
on thee,

As many as the drops twice counted o'er
In the fond faithful heart of his Teresa !

ALVAR.

I can endure no more. The Moorish Sorcerer
Exists but in the stain upon his face.
That Picture—

TERESA (*advances towards him*).

Ha ! speak on !

ALVAR.

Beloved Teresa !

It told but half the truth. O let this portrait
Tell all—that Alvar lives—that he is here !
Thy much deceived but ever faithful Alvar.

[*takes her portrait from his neck, and gives it her.*]

TERESA (*receiving the portrait*).

The same—it is the same. Ah ! Who art thou ?
Nay I will call thee, ALVAR ! [*she falls on his neck.*]

ALVAR.

O joy unutterable !

But hark ! a sound as of removing bars
At the dungeon's outer door. A brief, brief while

Conceal thyself, my love ! It is Ordonio.
 For the honour of our race, for our dear father ;
 O for himself too (he is still my brother)
 Let me recall him to his nobler nature,
 That he may wake as from a dream of murder !
 O let me reconcile him to himself,
 Open the sacred source of penitent tears,
 And be once more his own beloved Alvar.

TERESA.

O my all virtuous Love ! I fear to leave thee
 With that obdurate man.

ALVAR.

Thou dost not leave me !
 But a brief while retire into the darkness :
 O that my joy could spread its sunshine round thee !

TERESA.

The sound of thy voice shall be my music !
[retiring, she returns hastily and embracing Alvar.
 Alvar ! my Alvar ! am I sure I hold thee ?
 Is it no dream ? thee in my arms, my Alvar ! *[Exit.*
[A noise at the Dungeon door. It opens, and Or-
donio enters, with a goblet in his hand.

ORDONIO.

Hail, potent wizard ! in my gayer mood
 I poured forth a libation to old Pluto,
 And as I brimmed the bowl, I thought on thee.

Thou hast conspired against my life and honour,
Hast tricked me foully; yet I hate thee not.
Why should I hate thee? this same world of ours,
'Tis but a pool amid a storm of rain,
And we the air bladders that course up and down,
And joust and tilt in merry tournament;
And when one bubble runs foul of another,
[waving his hand to Alvar.

The weaker needs must break.

ALVAR.

I see thy heart!

There is a frightful glitter in thine eye
Which doth betray thee. Inly-tortured man,
This is the revelry of a drunken anguish,
Which fain would scoff away the pang of guilt,
And quell each human feeling.

ORDONIO.

Feeling! feeling!

The death of a man—the breaking of a bubble—
'Tis true I cannot sob for such misfortunes;
But faintness, cold and hunger—curses on me
If willingly I e'er inflicted them!
Come, take the beverage; this chill place demands it.

[Ordonio proffers the goblet.

ALVAR,

Yon insect on the wall,

Which moves this way and that, its hundred limbs,
Were it a toy of mere mechanic craft,
It were an infinitely curious thing !
But it has life, Ordonio ! life, enjoyment !
And by the power of its miraculous will
Wields all the complex movements of its frame
Unerringly to pleasurable ends !
Saw I that insect on this goblet's brim
I would remove it with an anxious pity !

ORDONIO.

What meanest thou ?

ALVAR.

There's poison in the wine.

ORDONIO.

Thou hast guessed right ; there's poison in the wine.
There's poison in't—which of us two shall drink it ?
For one of us must die !

ALVAR.

Whom dost thou think me ?

ORDONIO.

The accomplice and sworn friend of Isidore.

ALVAR.

I know him not.

And yet methinks, I have heard the name but lately.
Means he the husband of the Moorish woman ?
Isidore ? Isidore ?

ORDONIO.

Good! good! that Lie! by heaven it has restored me.
Now I am thy master!—Villain! thou shalt drink it,
Or die a bitterer death.

ALVAR.

What strange solution
Hast thou found out to satisfy thy fears,
And drug them to unnatural sleep?

*[Alvar takes the goblet, and throwing it to the
ground with stern contempt.]*

My master!

ORDONIO.

Thou mountebank!

ALVAR.

Mountebank and villain!
What then art thou? For shame, put up thy sword!
What boots a weapon in a withered arm?
I fix mine eye upon thee, and thou tremblest!
I speak, and fear and wonder crush thy rage,
And turn it to a motionless distraction!
Thou blind self-worshipper! thy pride, thy cunning,
Thy faith in universal villany,
Thy shallow sophisms, thy pretended scorn
For all thy human brethren—out upon them!
What have they done for thee? have they given thee
peace?

Cured thee of starting in thy sleep? or made
The darkness pleasant when thou wak'st at midnight?
Art happy when alone? Can'st walk by thyself
With even step and quiet cheerfulness?
Yet, yet thou may'st be saved——

ORDONIO (*vacantly repeating the words*).

Saved? saved?

ALVAR.

One pang!

Could I call up one pang of true Remorse!

ORDONIO.

He told me of the babes that prattled to him,
His fatherless little ones! Remorse! Remorse!
Where got'st thou that fool's word? Curse on Remorse!
Can it give up the dead, or recompact
A mangled body? mangled—dashed to atoms!
Not all the blessings of an host of angels
Can blow away a desolate widow's curse!
And though thou spill thy heart's blood for atone-
ment,

It will not weigh against an orphan's tear!

ALVAR (*almost overcome by his feelings*).

But Alvar——

ORDONIO.

Ha! it choaks thee in the throat,
Even thee; and yet I pray thee speak it out

Still Alvar!—Alvar!—howl it in mine ear!
Heap it like coals of fire upon my heart,
And shoot it hissing through my brain!

ALVAR.

Alas!

That day when thou didst leap from off the rock
Into the waves, and grasped thy sinking brother,
And bore him to the strand; then, son of Valdez,
How sweet and musical the name of Alvar!
Then, then, Ordonio, he was dear to thee,
And thou wert dear to him: heaven only knows
How very dear thou wert! Why did'st thou hate him!
O heaven! how he would fall upon thy neck,
And weep forgiveness!

ORDONIO.

Spirit of the dead!

Methinks I know thee! ha! my brain turns wild
At its own dreams!—off—off fantastic shadow!

ALVAR.

I fain would tell thee what I am? but dare not!

ORDONIO.

Cheat! villain! traitor! whatsoever thou be—
I fear thee, Man!

TERESA (*rushing out and falling on Alvar's neck*).

Ordonio! 'tis thy Brother.

[*Ordonio with frantic wildness runs upon Alvar with his sword. Teresa flings herself on Ordonio and arrests his arm.*

Stop, madman, stop !

ALVAR.

Does then this thin disguise impenetrably
Hide Alvar from thee ? Toil and painful wounds
And long imprisonment in unwholesome dungeons,
Have marred perhaps all trait and lineament
Of what I was ! But chiefly, chiefly, brother,
My anguish for thy guilt !

Ordonio—Brother !

Nay, nay, thou shalt embrace me.

ORDONIO (*drawing back, and gazing at Alvar with a countenance of at once awe and terror*).

Touch me not !

Touch not pollution, Alvar ! I will die.

[*He attempts to fall on his sword, Alvar and Teresa prevent him.*

ALVAR.

We will find means to save your honour. Live,
Oh live, Ordonio ! for our father's sake !
Spare his grey hairs !

TERESA.

And you may yet be happy.

ORDONIO.

O horror ! not a thousand years in heaven
Could recompose this miserable heart,
Or make it capable of one brief joy !
Live ! Live ! Why yes ! 'Twere well to live with you :
For is it fit a villain should be proud ?
My Brother ! I will kneel to you, my Brother !

[*kneeling.*]

Forgive me, Alvar !——Curse me with forgiveness !

ALVAR.

Call back thy soul, Ordonio, and look round thee !
Now is the time for greatness ! Think that heaven—

TERESA.

O mark his eye ! he hears not what you say.

ORDONIO (*pointing at the vacancy*).

Yes mark his eye ! there's fascination in it !
Thou saidst thou didst not know him—That is he !
He comes upon me !

ALVAR.

Heal, O heal him heaven !

ORDONIO.

Nearer and nearer ! and I can not stir !
Will no one hear these stifled groans, and wake me ?
He would have died to save me, and I killed him—
A husband and a father !—

TERESA.

Some secret poison

Drinks up his spirits !

ORDONIO (*fiercely recollecting himself*).

Let the Eternal Justice

Prepare my punishment in the obscure world—

I will not bear to live—to live—O agony !

And be myself alone my own sore torment !

[*the doors of the dungeon are broken open, and in
rush Alhadra, and the band of Morescoes.*]

ALHADRA.

Seize first that man !

[*Alvar presses onward to defend Ordonio.*]

ORDONIO.

Off, Ruffians ! I have flung away my sword.

Woman, my life is thine ! to thee I give it !

Off ! he that touches me with his hand of flesh,

I'll rend his limbs asunder ! I have strength

With this bare arm to scatter you like ashes.

ALHADRA.

My husband—

ORDONIO.

Yes, I murdered him most foully.

ALVAR and TERESA.

O horrible !

ALHADRA.

Why didst thou leave his children ?
 Demon, thou should'st have sent thy dogs of hell
 To lap their blood. Then, then I might have hardened
 My soul in misery, and have had comfort.
 I would have stood far off, quiet though dark,
 And bade the race of men raise up a mourning
 For a deep horror of desolation,
 Too great to be one's soul's particular lot !
 Brother of Zagri ! let me lean upon thee.

[struggling to suppress her feelings.]

The time is not yet come for woman's anguish,
 I have not seen *his* blood—Within an hour
 Those little ones will crowd around and ask me,
 Where is our father ? I shall curse thee then !
 Wert thou in heaven, my curse would pluck thee
 thence !

TERESA.

He doth repent ! See, see, I kneel to thee !
 O let him live ! That aged man, his father——

ALHADRA (*sternly*).

Why had he such a son ?

*[shouts from the distance of, Rescue ! Rescue !
 Alvar ! Alvar ! and the voice of Valdez
 heard.]*

ALHADRA.

Rescue?—and Isidore's Spirit unavenged?

The deed be mine! *[suddenly stabs Ordonio.*

Now take my Life!

ORDONIO (*staggering from the wound*).

ATONEMENT!

ALVAR (*while with Teresa supporting Ordonio*).

Arm of avenging Heaven

Thou hast snatched from me my most cherished
hope—

But go! my word was pledged to thee.

ORDONIO.

Away!

Brave not my Father's Rage! I thank thee! Thou—

[then turning his eyes languidly to Alvar.

She hath avenged the blood of Isidore!

I stood in silence like a slave before her

That I might taste the wormwood and the gall,

And satiate this self-accusing heart

With bitterer agonies than death can give.

Forgive me, Alvar!

Oh!—could'st thou forget me! *[Dies.*

[Alvar and Teresa bend over the body of Ordonio.

ALHADRA (*to the Moors*).

I thank thee, Heaven! thou hast ordained it wisely,

That still extremes bring their own cure, That point

In misery, which makes the oppressed Man
 Regardless of his own life, makes him too
 Lord of the Oppressor's—Knew I an hundred men
 Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
 This arm should shake the Kingdoms of the World;
 The deep foundations of iniquity
 Should sink away, earth groaning from beneath them;
 The strong holds of the cruel men should fall,
 Their Temples and their mountainous Towers should
 fall;

Till Desolation seemed a beautiful thing,
 And all that were and had the Spirit of Life,
 Sang a new song to her who had gone forth,
 Conquering and still to conquer!

*[Alhadra hurries off with the Moors; the stage fills
 with armed peasants, and servants, Zeulimez
 and Valdez at their head. Valdez rushes into
 Alvar's arms.]*

ALVAR.

Turn not thy face that way, my father! hide,
 Oh hide it from his eye! Oh let thy joy
 Flow in unmingled stream through thy first blessing.
 [both kneel to Valdez.]

VALDEZ.

My Son! My Alvar! bless, Oh bless him, heaven!

TERESA.

Me too, my Father ?

VALDEZ.

Bless, Oh bless my children !

[both rise.

ALVAR.

Delights so full, if unalloyed with grief,
 Were ominous. In these strange dread events
 Just Heaven instructs us with an awful voice,
 That Conscience rules us e'en against our choice.
 Our inward Monitress to guide or warn,
 If listened to ; but if repelled with scorn,
 At length as dire REMORSE, she reappears,
 Works in our guilty hopes, and selfish fears !
 Still bids, Remember ! and still cries, Too late !
 And while she scares us, goads us to our fate.

APPENDIX.

THE following Scene, as unfit for the Stage, was taken from the Tragedy, in the year 1797, and published in the Lyrical Ballads. But this work having been long out of print, and it having been determined, that this with my other Poems in that collection (the NIGHTINGALE, LOVE, and the ANCIENT MARINER) should be omitted in any future edition, I have been advised to reprint it, as a Note to the second Scene of Act the Fourth, p. 226.

Enter TERESA and SELMA.

TERESA.

'Tis said, he spake of you familiarly,
As mine and Alvar's common foster-mother.

SELMA.

Now blessings on the man, whoe'er he be
That joined your names with mine! O my sweet Lady,
As often as I think of those dear times,
When you two little ones would stand, at eve,
On each side of my chair, and make me learn
All you had learnt in the day; and how to talk
In gentle phrase; then bid me sing to you——
'Tis more like heaven to come, than what *has* been!

TERESA.

But that entrance, Selma?

SELMA.

Can no one hear? It is a perilous tale!

TERESA.

No one.

SELMA.

My husband's father told it me,
Poor old Sesina—angels rest his soul;
He was a woodman, and could fell and saw
With lusty arm. You know that huge round beam
Which props the hanging wall of the old Chapel?
Beneath that tree, while yet it was a tree,
He found a baby wrapt in mosses, lined
With thistle-beards, and such small locks of wool
As hang on brambles. Well, he brought him home,
And reared him at the then Lord Valdez' cost.
And so the babe grew up a pretty boy,
A pretty boy, but most unteachable—
And never learnt a prayer, nor told a bead,
But knew the names of birds, and mocked their notes,
And whistled, as he were a bird himself:
And all the autumn 'twas his only play
To gather seeds of wild-flowers, and to plant them
With earth and water on the stumps of trees.
A Friar, who gathered simples in the wood,
A grey-haired man, he loved this little boy:
The boy loved him, and, when the friar taught him,
He soon could write with the pen; and from that time
Lived chiefly at the Convent or the Castle.
So he became a rare and learned youth:
But O! poor wretch! he read, and read, and read,
'Till his brain turned; and ere his twentieth year
He had unlawful thoughts of many things:
And though he prayed, he never loved to pray

With holy men, nor in a holy place.
But yet his speech, it was so soft and sweet,
The late Lord Valdez ne'er was wearied with him.
And once, as by the north side of the chapel
They stood together, chained in deep discourse,
The earth heaved under them with such a groan,
That the wall tottered, and had well nigh fallen
Right on their heads. My Lord was sorely frightened ;
A fever seized him, and he made confession
Of all the heretical and lawless talk
Which brought this judgment : so the youth was seized,
And cast into that hole. My husband's father
Sobbed like a child—it almost broke his heart :
And once as he was working near this dungeon,
He heard a voice distinctly ; 'twas the youth's,
Who sung a doleful song about green fields,
How sweet it were on lake or wide savannah
To hunt for food, and be a naked man,
And wander up and down at liberty.
He always doted on the youth, and now
His love grew desperate ; and defying death,
He made that cunning entrance I described,
And the young man escaped.

TERESA.

'Tis a sweet tale :

Such as would lull a listening child to sleep,
His rosy face besoiled with unwiped tears.
And what became of him ?

SELMA.

He went on shipboard
With those bold voyagers who made discovery

Of golden lands. Sesina's younger brother
 Went likewise, and when he returned to Spain,
 He told Sesina, that the poor mad youth,
 Soon after they arrived in that new world,
 In spite of his dissuasion, seized a boat,
 And all alone set sail by silent moonlight
 Up a great river, great as any sea,
 And ne'er was heard of more : but 'tis supposed,
 He lived and died among the savage men.

*Note to the words "you are a painter," p. 186, Scene II.
 Act II.*

The following lines I have preserved in this place, not so much as explanatory of the picture of the assassination, as (if I may say so without disrespect to the Public) to gratify my own feelings, the passage being no mere *fancy* portrait ; but a slight, yet not unfaithful, profile of one,* who still lives, nobilitate felix, arte clarior, vitâ colendissimus.

ZULIMEZ (speaking of Alvar in the third person).

Such was the noble Spaniard's own relation.
 He told me, too, how in his early youth,
 And his first travels, 'twas his choice or chance
 To make long sojourn in sea-wedded Venice ;
 There won the love of that divine old man,
 Courted by mightiest kings, the famous TITIAN !,
 Who, like a second and more lovely Nature,
 By the sweet mystery of lines and colours
 Changed the blank canvas to a magic mirror,
 That made the Absent present ; and to Shadows

* Sir George Beaumont. [Written 1814.]

Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea, thought and motion.
He loved the old man, and revered his art:
And though of noblest birth and ample fortune,
The young enthusiast thought it no scorn
But this inalienable ornament,
To be his pupil, and with filial zeal
By practice to appropriate the sage lessons,
Which the gay, smiling old man gladly gave.
The Art, he honoured thus, requited him :
And in the following and calamitous years
Beguiled the hours of his captivity.

ALHADRA.

And then he framed this picture ? and unaided
By arts unlawful, spell, or talisman !

ALVAR.

A potent spell, a mighty talisman !
The imperishable memory of the deed,
Sustained by love, and grief, and indignation !
So vivid were the forms within his brain,
His very eyes, when shut, made pictures of them !

ZAPOLYA:
A CHRISTMAS TALE,
IN TWO PARTS.

Πὰρ πύρὶ χρῆ τοιαῦτα λέγειν χειμῶνος ἐν ὥρᾳ.

APUD ATHENÆUM.

PART I.
THE PRELUDE
ENTITLED
“THE USURPER’S FORTUNE.”

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE form of the following dramatic poem is in humble imitation of the *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare, except that I have called the first part a *Prelude* instead of a first Act, as a somewhat nearer resemblance to the plan of the ancients, of which one specimen is left us in the *Æschylian Trilog*y of the *Agamemnon*, the *Orestes*, and the *Eumenides*. Though a matter of *form* merely, yet two plays, on different periods of the same tale, might seem less bold, than an interval of twenty years between a first and second act. This is, however, in mere obedience to custom. The effect does not, in reality, at all depend on the *Time* of the interval; but on a very different principle. There are cases in which an interval of twenty hours between the acts would have a worse effect (i. e. render the imagination less disposed to take the position required) than twenty years in other cases. For the rest, I shall be well content if my readers will take it up, read and judge it, as a Christmas tale.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

CHARACTERS.

Men.

EMERICK	Usurping King of Illyria.
RAAB KIUPRILI	An Illyrian Chieftain.
CASIMIR	Son of Kiuprili.
CHEF RAGOZZI	A Military Commander.

Women.

ZAPOLYA	Queen of Illyria.
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Z A P O L Y A.

SCENE I.

Front of the Palace with a magnificent Colonnade. On one side a military Guard-house. Sentries pacing backward and forward before the Palace. CHIEF RAGOZZI, at the door of the Guard-house, as looking forwards at some object in the distance.

CHIEF RAGOZZI.

MY eyes deceive me not, it must be he,
Who but our chief, my more than father, who
But Raab Kiuprili moves with *such* a gait?
Lo! e'en this eager and unwonted haste
But agitates, not quells, its majesty.
My patron! my commander! yes, 'tis he!
Call out the guards. The Lord Kiuprili comes.

Drums beat, &c. the Guard turns out. Enter RAAB

KIUPRILI.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*making a signal to stop the drums, &c.*).

Silence! enough! This is no time, young friend!
For ceremonious dues. The summoning drum,

'Th' air-shattering trumpet, and the horseman's clatter,
Are insults to a dying sovereign's ear.

Soldiers, 'tis well ! Retire ! your General greets you,
His loyal fellow-warriors. *[Guards retire.*

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Pardon my surprise.

Thus sudden from the camp, and unattended !
What may these wonders prophecy ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell me first,

How fares the king ? His majesty still lives ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

We know no otherwise ; but Emerick's friends
(And none but they approach him) scoff at hope.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ragozzi ! I have reared thee from a child,
And *as* a child I have reared thee. Whence this air
Of mystery ? That face was wont to open
Clear as the morning to me, shewing all things.
Hide nothing from me.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

O most loved, most honoured,
The mystery, that struggles in my looks,
Betrayed my whole tale to thee, if it told thee
That I am ignorant ; but fear the worst.

And mystery is contagious. All things here
Are full of motion : and yet all is silent :
And bad men's hopes infect the good with fears.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*his hand to his heart*).

I have trembling proof within, how true thou speakest.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

That the prince Emerick feasts the soldiery,
Gives splendid arms, pays the commander's debts,
And (it is whispered) by sworn promises
Makes himself debtor—hearing this, thou hast heard
All——— (*then in a subdued and saddened voice.*)
But what my lord will learn too soon himself.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Ha!—Well then, let it come ! Worse scarce can come.
This letter written by the trembling hand
Of royal ANDREAS calls me from the camp
To his immediate presence. It appoints me,
The Queen, and Emerick, guardians of the realm,
And of the royal infant. Day by day,
Kobbed of ZAPOLYA's soothing cares, the king
Yearns only to behold one precious boon,
And with his life breathe forth a father's blessing.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Remember you, my lord ! that Hebrew leech,
Whose face so much distempered you ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Barzoni ?

I held him for a spy ; but the proof failing
(More courteously, I own, than pleased myself)
I sent him from the camp.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

To him in chief.

Prince Emerick trusts his royal brother's health.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hide nothing, I conjure you ! What of him ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

With pomp of words beyond a soldier's cunning,
And shrugs and wrinkled brow, he smiles and whis-
pers !

Talks in dark words of women's fancies ; hints
That 'twere a useless and cruel zeal
To rob a dying man of any hope,
However vain, that soothes him : and, in fine,
Denies all chance of offspring from the Queen.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The venomous snake ! My heel was on its head,
And (fool !) I did not crush it !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Nay, he fears,
Zapolya will not long survive her husband.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Manifest treason ! Even this brief delay

Half makes me an accomplice——(If he live,)

[Is moving toward the palace.

If he but live and know me, all may—

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Halt! [*Stops him.*

On pain of death, my Lord ! am I commanded

To stop all ingress to the palace.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

No Place, no Name, no Rank excepted—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Thou !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

This life of mine, O take it, Lord Kiuprili !

I give it as a weapon to *thy* hands,

Mine own no longer. Guardian of Illyria,

Useless to thee 'tis worthless to myself.

Thou art the framer of my nobler being :

Nor does there live one virtue in my soul,

One honourable hope, but calls thee father.

Yet ere thou dost resolve, know that yon palace,

Is guarded from within, that each access

Is thronged by armed conspirators, watched by Ruf-
fians

Pampered with gifts, and hot upon the spoil
Which that false promiser still trails before them.
I ask but this one boon—reserve my life
Till I can lose it for the realm and thee !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

My heart is rent asunder. O my country,
O fallen Illyria, stand I here spell-bound ?
Did my King love me ? Did I earn his love ?
Have we embraced as brothers would embrace ?
Was I his Arm, his Thunder-bolt ? And now
Must I, hag-ridden, pant as in a dream ?
Or, like an eagle, whose strong wings press up
Against a coiling serpent's folds, can I
Strike but for mockery, and with restless beak
Gore my own breast ?—Ragozzi, thou art faithful ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Here before Heaven I dedicate my faith
To the royal line of Andreas.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark, Ragozzi !

Guilt is a timorous thing ere perpetration :
Despair alone makes wicked men be bold.
Come thou with me ! They have heard my voice in
flight,
Have faced round, terror-struck, and feared no
longer

The whistling javelins of their fell pursuers.

Ha! what is this?

[*Black Flag displayed from the Tower of the Palace : a death bell tolls, &c.*

Vengeance of heaven! He is dead.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

At length then 'tis announced. Alas! I fear,
That these black death flags are but treason's signals.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*looking forwards anxiously*).
A prophecy too soon fulfilled! See yonder!
O rank and ravenous wolves! the death bell echoes
Still in the doleful air—and see! they come.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Precise and faithful in their villainy
Even to the moment, that the master traitor
Had pre-ordained them.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Was it over haste,
Or is it scorn, that in this race of treason
Their guilt thus drops its mask, and blazons forth
Their infamous plot even to a idiot's sense.

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Doubtless they deem Heaven too usurp'd! Heaven's
justice
Bought like themselves!

[*During this conversation music is heard, first so-*

lemn and funereal, and then changing to spirited and triumphal.

Being equal all in crime
Do you press on, ye spotted parricides !
For the one sole pre-eminence yet doubtful,
The prize of foremost impudence in guilt ?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The bad man's cunning still prepares the way
For its own outwitting. I applaud, Ragozzi !
[*musing to himself—then—*
Ragozzi ! I applaud,

In thee, the virtuous hope that dares look onward
And keeps the life-spark warm of future action
Beneath the cloak of patient sufferance.
Act and appear, as time and prudence prompt thee :
I shall not misconceive the part thou playest.
Mine is an easier part—to brave the Usurper.

[*Enter a procession of Emerick's Adherents, Nobles, Chieftains, and Soldiers, with Music. They advance toward the front of the Stage. Kiuprili makes the signal for them to stop.—The Music ceases.*

LEADER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Lord Kiuprili !—Welcome from the camp.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Grave magistrates and chieftains of Illyria,

In good time come ye hither, if ye come
 As loyal men with honourable purpose
 To mourn what can alone be mourned ; but chiefly
 To inforce the last commands of royal Andreas
 And shield the Queen, Zapolya : haply making
 The mother's joy light up the widow's tears.

LEADER.

Our purpose demands speed. Grace our procession ;
 A warrior best will greet a warlike king.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

This patent written by your *lawful* king,
 (Lo ! his own seal and signature attesting)
 Appoints as guardians of his realm and offspring,
 The Queen, and the Prince Emerick, and myself.

*[Voices of Live King Emerick ! an Emerick ! an
 Emerick !*

What means this clamour ? Are these madmen's
 voices ?

Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
 To infamize the name of the king's brother
 With a lie black as Hell ? unmanly cruelty,
 Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason ? [*murmurs.*
 What mean these murmurs ? Dare then any here
 Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor ?
 One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
 And given you in return a Judas' bride,

Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?

[*Loud murmurs, followed by cries—Emerick ! No
Baby Prince ! No Changelings !*

Yet bear with me awhile ! Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honour !
Was it for this, Illyrians ! that I forded
Your thaw-swoln torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds, I felt not ? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost-and-famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguished not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow warrior ?
And have I brought home with me VICTORY,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed PEACE,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from Heaven ?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation !

[*Murmurs increases—and cries of Onward ! onward !*

Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear ? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,

This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[*during the last four lines, enter Lord Casimir, with
expressions of anger and alarm.*

CASIMIR.

Who is this factious insolent, that dares brand
The elected King, our chosen Emerick ?

[*starts—then approaching with timid respect.*

My father !

RAAB KIUPRILI (*turning away*).

Casimir ! He, he a traitor !

Too soon indeed, Ragozzi ! have I learnt it. [*aside.*

CASIMIR (*with reverence*).

My father and and my lord !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I know thee not !

LEADER.

Yet the remembrancing did sound right filial.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A holy name and words of natural duty
Are blasted by a thankless traitor's utterance.

CASIMIR.

O hear me Sire ! not lightly have I sworn
Homage to Emerick. Illyria's sceptre
Demands a manly hand, a warrior's grasp.

The queen Zapolya's self-expected offspring
 At least is doubtful : and of all our nobles,
 The king inheriting his brother's heart,
 Hath honoured us the most. *Your rank, my lord !*
 Already eminent, is—all it can be—
 Confirmed : and me the king's grace hath appointed
 Chief of his council and the lord high steward.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

(Bought by a bribe !) I know thee now still less.

CASIMIR (*struggling with his passion*).

So much of Raab Kiuprili's blood flows here,
 That no power, save that holy name of father,
 Could shield the man who so dishonoured me.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

The son of Raab Kiuprili a bought bond-slave,
 Guilt's pander, treason's mouth-piece, a gay parrot,
 School'd to shrill forth his feeder's usurp'd titles,
 And scream, Long live king Emerick !

LEADERS.

Aye, king Emerick !

Stand back, my lord ! Lead us, or let us pass.

SOLDIER.

Nay, let the general speak !

SOLDIERS.

Hear him ! Hear him !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hear me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me ! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honoured by the king :
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe ?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear ?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended ?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave ?
The underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage ? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country
A recreant ingrate !

CASIMER.

Sire ! your words grow dangerous.
High-flown romantic fancies ill-beseem
Your age and wisdom. 'Tis a statesman's virtue,
To guard his country's safety by what means
It best may be protected—come what will
Of these monk's morals !

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Ha! the elder Brutus
Made his soul iron, though *his* sons repented.
They BOASTED not *their* baseness.

[*starts, and draws his sword.*

Infamous changeling!

Recant this instant, and swear loyalty,
And strict obedience to thy sovereign's will;
Or, by the spirit of departed Andreas,
Thou diest——

[*Chiefs, &c. rush to interpose; during the tumult enter, EMERICK, alarmed.*

EMERICK.

Call out the guard! Ragozzi! seize the assassin.——
Kiuprili? Ha!——[*with lowered voice, at the same
time with one hand making signs to the guard
to retire.*——

Pass on, friends! to the palace.

[*Music recommences.—The Procession passes into
the Palace.—During which time Emerick and
Kiuprili regard each other stedfastly.*

EMERICK.

What? Raab Kiuprili? What? a father's sword
Against his own son's breast?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

'Twould best excuse him,
Were he *thy* son, Prince Emerick. I abjure him.

EMERICK.

This is my thanks, then, that I have commenced
A reign to which the free voice of the nobles
Hath called me, and the people, by regards
Of love and grace to Raab Kiuprili's house?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

What right hadst thou, Prince Emerick, to bestow
them?

EMERICK.

By what right dares Kiuprili question me?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

By a right common to all loyal subjects—
To *me* a duty! As the realm's co-regent
Appointed by our sovereign's last free act,
Writ by himself.—(*Grasping the Patent*).

EMERICK (*With a contemptuous sneer*).

Aye!—Writ in a delirium!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

I likewise ask, by whose authority
The access to the sovereign was refused me?

EMERICK.

By whose authority dared the general leave
His camp and army, like a fugitive?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

A fugitive, who, with victory for his comrade,
Ran, open-eyed, upon the face of death!

A fugitive, with no other fear, than bodements
To be belated in a loyal purpose—
At the command, Prince ! of *my* king and thine,
Hither I came ; and now again require
Audience of Queen Zapolya ; and (the States
Forthwith convened) that thou dost shew at large,
On what ground of defect thou'st dared annul
This thy King's last and solemn act—hast dared
Ascend the throne, of which the law had named,
And conscience should have made thee, a protector.

EMERICK.

A sovereign's ear ill brooks a subject's questioning !
Yet for thy past well-doing—and because
'Tis hard to erase at once the fond belief
Long cherished, that Illyria had in thee
No dreaming priest's slave, but a Roman lover
Of her true weal and freedom—and for this, too,
That, hoping to call forth to the broad day-light
And fostering breeze of glory all deservings,
I still had placed *thee* foremost.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince ! I listen.

EMERICK.

Unwillingly I tell thee, that Zapolya,
Maddened with grief, her erring hopes proved idle—

CASIMIR.

Sire! speak the whole truth! Say, her *fraud's* detected!

EMERICK.

According to the sworn attests in council
Of her physician——

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

Yes! the Jew, Barzoni!

EMERICK.

Under the imminent risk of death she lies,
Or irrecoverable loss of reason,
If known friend's face or voice renew the frenzy.

CASIMIR (*to Kiuprili*).

Trust me, my lord! a woman's trick has duped you—
Us too—but most of all, the sainted Andreas.
Even for his own fair fame, his grace prays hourly
For her recovery, that (the States convened)
She may take council of her friends.

EMERICK.

Right, Casimir!

Receive my pledge, lord general. It shall stand
In her own will to appear and voice her claims;
Or (which in truth I hold the wiser course)
With all the past passed by, as family quarrels,
Let the Queen Dowager, with unblenched honors,
Resume her state, our first Illyrian matron.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Prince Emerick ! you *speak* fairly, and your pledge too
Is such, as well would suit an honest meaning.

CASIMIR.

My lord ! you scarce know half his grace's goodness.
The wealthy heiress, high-born fair Sarolta,
Bred in the convent of our noble ladies,
Her relative, the venerable abbess,
Hath, at his grace's urgency, wooed and won for me.

EMERICK.

Long may the race, and long may that name flourish,
Which your heroic deeds, brave chief, have rendered
Dear and illustrious to all true Illyrians.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*sternly*).

The longest line, that ever tracing herald
Or found or feigned, placed by a beggar's soul
Hath but a mushroom's date in the comparison :
And with the soul, the conscience is co-eval,
Yea, the soul's essence.

EMERICK.

Conscience, good my lord,
Is but the pulse of reason. Is it conscience,
That a free nation should be handed down,
Like the dull clods beneath our feet, by chance
And the blind law of lineage ? That whether infant,
Or man matured, a wise man or an idiot,

Hero or natural coward, shall have guidance
 Of a free people's destiny, should fall out
 In the mere lottery of a reckless nature,
 Where few the prizes and the blanks are countless?
 Or haply that a nation's fate should hang
 On the bald accident of a midwife's handling
 The unclosed sutures of an infant's skull?

CASIMIR.

What better claim can sovereign wish or need,
 Than the free voice of men who love their country?
 Those chiefly who have fought for 't? Who by right,
 Claim for their monarch one, who having obeyed,
 So hath best learnt to govern: who, having suffered,
 Can feel for each brave sufferer and reward him?
 Whence sprang the name of Emperor? Was it not
 By nature's fiat? In the storm of triumph,
 'Mid warriors' shouts, did her oracular voice
 Make itself heard: Let the commanding spirit
 Possess the station of command!

RAAB KIURPILI.

Prince Emerick,
 Your cause will prosper best in your own pleading.

EMERICK (*aside to Casimir*).

Ragozzi was thy school-mate—a bold spirit!
 Bind him to us!—Thy father thaws apace!

[*then aloud.*

Leave us awhile, my lord !—Your friend, Ragozzi,
Whom you have not yet seen since his return,
Commands the guard to-day.

*[Casimer retires to the Guard-house ; and after a
time appears before it with Chef Ragozzi.]*

We are alone.

What further pledge or proof desires Kiuprili ?
Then, with your assent——

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Mistake not for assent

The unquiet silence of a stern Resolve
Throttling the impatient voice. I have heard thee,
Prince !

And I have watched thee, too ; but have small faith in
A plausible tale told with a fitting eye.

[Emerick turns as about to call for the Guard.]

In the next moment I am in thy power,
In this thou art in mine. Stir but a step,
Or make one sign—I swear by this good sword,
Thou diest that instant.

EMERICK.

Ha, ha !—Well, Sir !—Conclude your homily.

RAAB KIUPRILI *(in a somewhat suppressed voice)*.
A tale which, whether true or false, comes guarded
Against all means of proof, detects itself.
The Queen mew'd up—this too from anxious care

And love brought forth of a sudden, a twin birth
 With thy discovery of her plot to rob thee
 Of a rightful throne!—Mark how the scorpion, false-
 hood,
 Coils round in its own perplexity, and fixes
 Its sting in its own head!

EMERICK.

Aye! to the mark!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aloud: he and Emerick
 standing at equi-distance from the Palace
 and the Guard-House*).

Had'st thou believed thine own tale, hadst thou
 fancied

Thyself the rightful successor of Andreas,
 Would'st thou have pilfered from our school-boys'
 themes

These shallow sophisms of a *popular choice*?
 What people? How convened? or, if convened,
 Must not the magic power that charms together
 Millions of men in council, needs have power
 To win or wield them? Better, O far better
 Shout forth thy titles to yon circling mountains
 And with a thousand-fold reverberation
 Make the rocks flatter thee, and the volleying air,
 Unbribed, shout back to thee, King Emerick!
 By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,

To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel, is man's task
And the true patriot's glory ! In all else
Men safer trust to Heaven, than to themselves
When least themselves in the mad whirl of crowds
Where folly is contagious, and too oft
Even wise men leave their better sense at home
To chide and wonder at them when returned.

EMERICK (*aloud*).

Is't thus, thou scoff'st the people ? most of all,
The soldiers, the defenders of the people ?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aloud*).

O most of all, most miserable nation,
For whom the Imperial power, enormous bubble !
Is blown and kept aloft, or burst and shattered .
By the bribed breath of a lewd soldiery !
Chiefly of such, as from the frontiers far,
(Which is the noblest station of true warriors)
In rank licentious idleness beleaguer
City and Court, a venom'd thorn i' the side
Of virtuous kings, the tyrant's slave and tyrant,
Still ravening for fresh largess ! But with such
What title claim'st thou, save thy birth ? What merits
Which many a liegeman may not plead as well,
Brave though I grant thee ? If a life outlaboured
Head, heart, and fortunate arm, in watch and war,

For the land's fame and weal ; if large acquests,
 Made honest by the aggression of the foe
 And whose best praise is, that they bring us safety ;
 If victory, doubly-wreathed, whose under-garland
 Of laurel-leaves looks greener and more sparkling
 Thro' the grey olive-branch ; if these, Prince Emerick !
 Give the true title to the throne, not *thou*—
 No ! (let Illyria, let the infidel enemy
 Be judge and arbiter between us !) I,
 I were the rightful sovereign !

EMERICK.

I have faith
 That thou both think'st and hop'st it. Fair Zapolya,
 A provident lady—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wretch beneath all answer !

EMERICK.

Offers at once the royal bed and throne !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

To be a kingdom's bulwark, a king's glory,
 Yet loved by both, and trusted, and trust-worthy,
 Is more than to be king ; but see ! thy rage
 Fights with thy fear. I will relieve thee ! Ho !

[*to the Guard.*]

EMERICK.

Not for thy sword, but to entrap thee, ruffian !

Thus long I have listened—Guard—ho! from the
Palace.

[The Guard post from the guard-house with Chef Ragozzi at their head, and then a number from the Palace—Chef Ragozzi demands Kiuprili's sword, and apprehends him.]

CASIMIR.

O agony! *(to Emerick.)* Sire, hear me!

[to Kiuprili, who turns from him.]

Hear me, Father!

EMERICK.

Take in arrest that traitor and assassin!
Who pleads for *his* life, strikes at mine, his sovereign's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

As the Co-regent of the Realm, I stand
Amenable to none save to the States
Met in due course of law. But ye are bond-slaves,
Yet witness ye that before God and man
I here impeach Lord Emerick of foul treason,
And on strong grounds attaint him with suspicion
Of murder—

EMERICK.

Hence with the madman!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Your Queen's murder,
The Royal orphan's murder: and to the death

Defy him, as a tyrant and usurper.

[hurried off by Ragozzi and the Guard.]

EMERICK.

Ere twice the sun hath risen, by my sceptre
This insolence shall be avenged.

CASIMIR.

O banish him !

This infamy will crush me. O for my sake,
Banish him, my liege lord !

EMERICK (*scornfully*).

What ? to the army ?

Be calm, young friend ! Nought shall be done in anger.
The child o'er-powers the man. In this emergence
I must take counsel for us both. Retire.

[Exit Casimir in agitation.]

EMERICK (*alone, looks at a Calendar*).

The changeful planet, now in her decay,
Dips down at midnight, to be seen no more.
With her shall sink the enemies of Emerick,
Cursed by the last look of the waning moon :
And my bright destiny, with sharpened horns,
Shall greet me fearless in the new born crescent.

[Exit.]

*Scene changes to another view, namely, the back of the Palace—a Wooded Park, and Mountains—
Enter ZAPOLYA, with an Infant in Arms.*

ZAPOLYA.

Hush, dear one ! hush ! My trembling arm disturbs thee !

Thou, the protector of the helpless ! thou,
The widow's husband and the orphan's father,
Direct my steps ! Ah whither ? O send down
Thy angel to a houseless babe and mother,
Driven forth into the cruel wilderness !
Hush, sweet one ! Thou art no Hagar's offspring :
Thou art

The rightful heir of an anointed king !
What sounds are those ? It is the vesper chaunt
Of labouring men returning to their home !
Their queen has no home ! Hear me, heavenly Father !
And let this darkness——

Be as the shadow of thy outspread wings
To hide and shield us ! Start'st thou in thy slumbers ?
Thou canst not dream of savage Emerick. Hush !
Betray not thy poor mother ! For if they seize thee
I shall grow mad indeed, and they'll believe
Thy wicked uncle's lie. Ha ! what ? A soldier ?

[she starts back—and enter CHEF RAGOZZI.]

CHIEF RAGOZZI.

Sure heaven befriends us. Well! he hath escaped!
 O rare tune of a tyrant's promises
 That can enchant the serpent treachery
 From forth its lurking hole in the heart. "*Ragozzi!*
"O brave Ragozzi! Count! Commander! What not?"
 And all this too for nothing! a poor nothing!
 Merely to play the underling in the murder
 Of my best friend Kiuprili! His own son—monstrous!
 Tyrant! I owe thee thanks, and in good hour
 Will I repay thee, for that thou thought'st *me* too
 A serviceable villain. Could I now
 But gain some sure intelligence of the queen:
 Heaven bless and guard her!

ZAPOLYA (*coming fearfully forward*).

Art thou not Ragozzi?

CHIEF RAGOZZI.

The Queen! Now then the miracle is full!
 I see heaven's wisdom is an over-match
 For the devil's cunning. 'This way, madam, haste!

ZAPOLYA.

Stay! Oh, no! Forgive me if I wrong thee!
 This is thy sovereign's child: Oh, pity us,
 And be not treacherous! [*kneeling.*]

CHIEF RAGOZZI (*raising her*).

Madam! For mercy's sake!

ZAPOLYA.

But tyrants have an hundred eyes and arms !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Take courage, madam ! 'Twere too horrible,
(I can not do't) to swear I'm not a monster !—
Scarce had I barr'd the door on Raab Kiuprili—

ZAPOLYA.

Kiuprili ! How ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

There is not time to tell it,—
The tyrant called me to him, praised my zeal,
(And be assured I overtopt his cunning
And seemed right zealous.) But time wastes : In fine,
Bids me dispatch my trustiest friends, as couriers
With letters to the army. The thought at once
Flashed on me. I disguised my prisoner—

ZAPOLYA.

What Raab Kiuprili ?

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Yes ! my noble general !
I sent *him* off, with Emerick' own packet,
Haste, and post haste—Prepared to follow him——

ZAPOLYA.

Ah, how ? Is it joy or fear ? My limbs seem sink-
ing !—

CHEF RAGOZZI (*supporting her*).

Heaven still befriends us. I have left my charger,
A gentle beast and fleet, and my boy's mule,
One that can shoot a precipice like a bird,
Just where the wood begins to climb the mountains.
The course we'll thread will mock the tyrant's guesses,
Or scare the followers. Ere we reach the main road
The Lord Kiuprili will have sent a troop
To escort me. Oh, thrice happy when he finds
The treasure which I convoy!

ZAPOLYA.

One brief moment,
That praying for strength I may *have* strength. This
babe,
Heaven's eye is on it, and its innocence
Is, as a prophet's prayer, strong and prevailing!
Through thee, dear babe, the inspiring thought pos-
sessed me,
When the loud clamor rose, and all the palace
Emptied itself—(They sought my life, Ragozzi!)
Like a swift shadow gliding, I made way
To the deserted chamber of my lord.—

[*then to the infant.*

And thou didst kiss thy father's lifeless lips,
And in thy helpless hand, sweet slumberer!
Still clasp'st the signet of thy royalty.

As I removed the seal, the heavy arm
Dropt from the couch aslant, and the stiff finger
Seemed pointing at my feet. Provident Heaven !
Lo, I was standing on the secret door,
Which, through a long descent where all sound
 perishes,
Led out beyond the palace. Well I knew it——
But *Andreas* framed it not ! *He* was no tyrant !

CHEF RAGOZZI.

Haste madam ! Let me take this precious burden !
 [he kneels as he takes the child.]

ZAPOLYA.

Take him ? And if we be pursued, I charge thee,
Flee thou and leave me ! Flee and save thy king !
 [then as going off, she looks back on the palace.]
Thou tyrant's den, be called no more a palace !
The orphan's angel at the throne of heaven
Stands up against thee, and there hover o'er thee
A Queen's, a Mother's, and a Widow's curse.
Henceforth a dragon's haunt, fear and suspicion
Stand sentry at thy portals ! Faith and honour,
Driven from the throne, shall leave the attained
 nation :
And, for the iniquity that houses in thee,
False glory, thirst of blood, and lust of rapine,
(Fateful conjunction of malignant planets)

Shall shoot their blastments on the land. The fathers
Henceforth shall have no joy in their young men,
And when they cry : *Lo ! a male child is born !*
The mother shall make answer with a groan.
For bloody usurpation, like a vulture,
Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart.
Remorseless slaves of a remorseless tyrant,
They shall be mocked with *sounds* of liberty,
And liberty shall be proclaimed alone
To thee, O Fire ! O Pestilence ! O Sword !
Till Vengeance hath her fill.—And thou, snatched
hence,
(*Again to the infant.*) Poor friendless fugitive ! with
mother's wailing,
Offspring of Royal Andreas, shalt return
With trump and timbrel-clang, and popular shout
In triumph to the palace of thy fathers ! [*Exeunt.*]

ZAPOLYA.

PART II.

THE SEQUEL

ENTITLED

“THE USURPER’S FATE.”

ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS.

Men.

OLD BATHORY A Mountaineer.

BETHLEN BATHORY. The Young Prince Andreas, supposed Son
of Old Bathory.

LORD RUDOLPH A Courtier, but friend to the Queen's party.

LASKA Steward to Casimir, betrothed to Glycine.

PESTALUTZ An Assassin, in Emerick's employ.

Women.

LADY SAROLTA Wife of Lord Casimir.

GLYCINE Orphan Daughter of Chef Ragozzi.

Between the flight of the Queen, and the civil war which immediately followed, and in which Emerick remained the victor, a space of twenty years is supposed to have elapsed.

USURPATION ENDED:
OR,
SHE COMES AGAIN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Mountainous Country. BATHORY'S Dwelling at the end of the Stage. Enter LADY SAROLTA and GLYCINE.

GLYCINE.

WELL then ! Our round of charity is finished.
Rest, Madam ! You breathe quick.

SAROLTA.

What tired, Glycine ?
No delicate court-dame, but a mountaineer
By choice no less than birth, I gladly use
The good strength nature gave me.

GLYCINE.

That last cottage
Is built as if an eagle or a raven
Had chosen it for her nest.

SAROLTA.

So many are
The sufferings which on human aid can reach,

It needs must be a duty doubly sweet
To heal the few we can. Well! let us rest.

GLYCINE.

There? [*Pointing to Bathory's dwelling. Sarolta answering, points to where she then stands.*]

SAROLTA.

Here! For on this spot Lord Casimir
Took his last leave. On yonder mountain-ridge
I lost the misty image which so long
Lingered, or seemed at least to linger on it.

GLYCINE.

And what if even now, on that same ridge,
A speck should rise, and still enlarging, lengthening,
As it clomb downwards, shape itself at last
To a numerous cavalcade, and spurring foremost,
Who but Sarolta's own dear lord returned
From his high embassy?

SAROLTA.

Thou hast hit my thought!

All the long day, from yester-morn to evening,
The restless hope fluttered about my heart.
Oh we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—Were he come, then should I
Repine he had not arrived just one day earlier

To keep his birth-day here, in his own birth-place.

GLYCINE.

But our best sports belike, and gay processions
Would to my lord have seemed but work-day sights
Compared with those the royal court affords.

SAROLTA.

I have small wish to see them. A spring morning
With its wild gladsome minstrelsy of birds,
And its bright jewelry of flowers and dew-drops
(Each orb'd drop an orb of glory in it)
Would put them all in eclipse. This sweet retirement
Lord Casimir's wish alone would have made sacred :
But in good truth, his loving jealousy
Did but command, what I had else entreated.

GLYCINE.

And yet had I been born Lady Sarolta, •
Been wedded to the noblest of the realm,
So beautiful besides, and yet so stately ——

SAROLTA.

Hush ! Innocent flatterer !

GLYCINE.

Nay ! to my poor fancy
The royal court would seem an earthly heaven,
Made for such stars to shine in, and be gracious.

SAROLTA.

So doth the ignorant distance still delude us !

Thy fancied heaven, dear girl, like that above thee,
In its mere self a cold, drear, colourless void,
Seen from below and in the large, becomes
The bright blue ether, and the seat of gods!
Well! but this broil that scared you from the dance?
And was not Laska there : he, your betrothed ?

GLYCINE.

Yes, madam ! he was there. So was the maypole,
For we danced round it.

SAROLTA.

Ah, Glycine ! why,
Why did you then betroth yourself ?

GLYCINE.

Because
My own dear lady wished it ! 'twas *you* asked me !

SAROLTA.

Yes, at my lord's request, but never wished,
My poor affectionate girl, to see thee wretched.
Thou knowest not yet the duties of a wife.

GLYCINE.

Oh, yes ! It is a wife's chief duty, madam !
To stand in awe of her husband, and obey him,
And, I am sure, I never shall see Laska
But I shall tremble.

SAROLTA.

Not with fear, I think,

For you still mock him. Bring a seat from the cottage. [*Exit Glycine into the cottage, Sarolta continues her speech looking after her.*]

Something above thy rank there hangs about thee,
And in thy countenance, thy voice, and motion,
Yea, e'en in thy simplicity, Glycine,
A fine and feminine grace, that makes me feel
More as a mother than a mistress to thee!
Thou art a soldier's orphan! that—the courage,
Which rising in thine eye, seems oft to give
A new soul to its gentleness, doth prove thee!
Thou art sprung too of no ignoble blood,
Or there's no faith in instinct!

[*angry voices and clamour within, re-enter Glycine.*]

GLYCINE.

Oh, madam! there's a party of your servants,
And my lord's steward, Laska, at their head,
Have come to search for old Bathory's son,
Bethlen, that brave young man! 'twas he, my lady,
That took our parts, and beat off the intruders,
And in mere spite and malice, now they charge him
With bad words of Lord Casimir and the king.
Pray don't believe them, madam! This way! This
way!

Lady Sarolta's here

[*calling without.*]

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine.

Enter LASKA and Servants with OLD BATHORY.

LASKA (*to Bathory*).

We have no concern with you ! What needs your presence ?

OLD BATHORY.

What ! Do you think I'll suffer my brave boy
To be slandered by a set of coward-ruffians,
And leave it to their malice,—yes, mere malice !—
To tell its own tale ?

[*Laska and servants bow to Lady Sarolta.*

SAROLTA.

Laska ! What may this mean ?

LASKA (*pompously, as commencing a set speech*).

Madam ! and may it please your ladyship !
This old man's son, by name Bethlen Bathory,
Stands charged, on weighty evidence, that he,
On yester-eve, being his lordship's birth-day,
Did traitorously defame Lord Casimir :
The lord high steward of the realm, moreover——

SAROLTA.

Be brief ! We know his titles !

LASKA.

And moreover
Raved like a traitor at our liege King Emerick.
And furthermore, said witnesses make oath,
Led on the assault upon his lordship's servants ;
Yea, insolently tore, from this, your huntsman,

His badge of livery of your noble house,
And trampled it in scorn.

SAROLTA (*to the servants who offer to speak*).

You have had your spokesman !
Where is the young man thus accused ?

OLD BATHORY.

I know not :

But if no ill betide him on the mountains,
He will not long be absent !

SAROLTA.

Thou art his father ?

OLD BATHORY.

None ever with more reason prized a son ;
Yet I hate falsehood more than I love him.
But more than one, now in my lady's presence,
Witnessed the affray, besides these men of malice ;
And if I swerve from truth——

GLYCINE.

Yes ! good old man !

My lady ! pray believe him !

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine !

Be silent I command you. [*then to Bathory.*

Speak ! we hear you !

OLD BATHORY.

My tale is brief. During our festive dance,

Your servants, the accusers of my son,
Offered gross insults, in unmanly sort,
To our village maidens. He, (could he do less ?)
Rose in defence of outraged modesty,
And so persuasive did his cudgel prove,
(Your hectoring sparks so over brave to women
Are always cowards) that they soon took flight,
And now in mere revenge, like baffled boasters,
Have framed this tale, out of some hasty words
Which their own threats provoked.

SAROLTA.

Old man ! you talk
Too bluntly ! Did your son owe no respect
To the livery of our house ?

OLD BATHORY.

Even such respect
As the sheep's skin should gain for the hot wolf
That hath began to worry the poor lambs !

LASKA.

Old insolent ruffian !

GLYCINE.

Pardon ! pardon, madam !
I saw the whole affray. The good old man
Means no offence, sweet lady !—You, yourself,
Laska ! know well, that these men were the ruffians !
Shame on you !

SAROLTA (*speaks with affected anger*).

What ! Glycine ? Go, retire !

[*Exit Glycine, mournfully.*

Be it then that these men faulted. Yet yourself,
Or better still belike the maidens' parents,
Might have complained to *us*. Was ever access
Denied you ? Or free audience ? Or are we
Weak and unfit to punish our own servants ?

OLD BATHORY.

So then ! So then ! Heaven grant an old man patience !
And must the gardener leave his seedling plants,
Leave his young roses to the rooting swine
While he goes ask their master, if perchance
His leisure serve to scourge them from their ravage ?

LASKA.

Ho ! Take the rude clown from your lady's presence !
I will report her further will !

SAROLTA.

Wait then,

Till thou hast learnt it ! Fervent good old man !
Forgive me that, to try thee, I put on
A face of sternness, alien to my meaning !

[*then speaks to the servants.*

Hence ! leave my presence ! and you Laska ! mark me !
Those rioters are no longer of my household !
If we but shake a dew-drop from a rose

In vain would we replace it, and as vainly
Restore the tear of wounded modesty
To a maiden's eye familiarized to licence.—
But these men, Laska—

LASKA (*aside*).

Yes now 'tis coming.

SAROLTA.

Brutal aggressors first, then baffled dastards,
That they have sought to piece out their revenge
With a tale of words lured from the lips of anger
Stamps them most dangerous ; and till I want
Fit means for wicked ends, we shall not need
Their services. Discharge them ! You, Bathory !
Are henceforth of my household ! I shall place you
Near my own person. When your son returns
Present him to us !

OLD BATHORY.

Ha ! what strangers* here !
What business have they in an old man's eye ?
Your goodness, lady—and it came so sudden—
I can not—must not—let you be deceived.
I have yet another tale, but [*then to Sarolta aside.*
not for all ears !

* Refers to the tear, which he feels starting in his eye. The following line was borrowed unconsciously from Mr. Wordsworth's *Excursion*.

SAROLTA.

I oft have passed your cottage, and still praised
Its beauty, and that trim orchard-plot, whose blossoms
The gusts of April showered aslant its thatch.
Come, you shall shew it me ! And, while you bid it
Farewell, be not ashamed that I should witness
The oil of gladness glittering on the water
Of an ebbing grief.

[*Bathory bowing, shows her into his cottage.*

LASKA (*alone*).

Vexation ! baffled ! school'd !
Ho ! Laska ! wake ! why ? what can all this mean ?
She sent away that cockatrice in anger !
Oh the false witch ! It is too plain, she loves him.
And now, the old man near my lady's person,
She'll see this Bethlen hourly !

[*Laska flings himself into the seat. Glycine
peeps in timidly.*

GLYCINE.

Laska ! Laska !

Is my lady gone ?

LASKA, (*surlily*).

Gone.

GLYCINE.

Have you yet seen him ?

Is he returned ?

[*Laska starts up from his seat.*

Has the seat stung you, Laska?

LASKA.

No, serpent! no; 'tis you that sting me; you!

What? you would cling to him again!

GLYCINE.

Whom!

LASKA.

Bethlen! Bethlen!

Yes; gaze as if your very eyes embraced him!

Ha! you forget the scene of yesterday!

Mute ere he came, but then—Out on your screams,

And your pretended fears!

GLYCINE.

Your fears, at least,

Were real, Laska! or your trembling limbs

And white cheeks played the hypocrites most vilely!

LASKA.

I fear! whom? What?

GLYCINE.

I know, what *I* should fear,

Were I in Laska's place.

LASKA.

What?

GLYCINE.

My own conscience,

For having fed my jealousy and envy

With a plot, made out of other men's revenges,

Against a brave and innocent young man's life !
Yet, yet, pray tell me !

LASKA (*malignantly*).

You will know too soon.

GLYCINE.

Would I could find my lady ! though she chid me—
Yet this suspense— [going.

LASKA.

Stop ! stop ! one question only—

I am quite calm—

GLYCINE.

Ay, as the old song says,
Calm as a tiger, valiant as a dove.
Nay now, I have marred the verse : well ! this one
question—

LASKA.

Are you not bound to me by your own promise ?
And is it not as plain—

GLYCINE.

Halt ! that's two questions.

LASKA.

Pshaw ! Is it not as plain as impudence,
That you're in love with this young swaggering beggar,
Bethlen Bathory ? When he was accused,
Why pressed *you* forward ? Why did *you* defend him ?

GLYCINE.

Question meet question : that's a woman's privilege.

Why, Laska, did *you* urge Lord Casimir
To make my lady force that promise from me ?

LASKA.

So then, you say, Lady Sarolta *forced* you ?

GLYCINE.

Could I look up to her dear countenance,
And say her nay ? As far back as I wot of
All her commands were gracious, sweet requests.
How could it be then, but that her requests
Must needs have sounded to me as commands ?
And as for love, had I a score of loves,
I'd keep them all for my dear, kind, good mistress.

LASKA.

Not one for Bethlen ?

GLYCINE.

Oh ! that's a different thing.

To be sure he's brave, and handsome, and so pious
To his good old father. But for *loving* him—
Nay, *there*, indeed you are mistaken, Laska !
Poor youth ! I rather think I *grieve* for him ;
For I sigh so deeply when I think of him !
And if I see him, the tears come in my eyes,
And my heart beats ; and all because I dreamt
That the war-wolf* had gored him as he hunted
In the haunted forest !

* For the best account of the War-wolf or Lycanthropus, see
Drayton's *Moon-calf*, Chalmers' English Poets, Vol. IV. p. 13 e.

LASKA.

You dare own all this ?

Your lady will not warrant promise-breach.

Mine, pampered Miss ! you shall be ; and I'll make you
Grieve for him with a vengeance. Odd's, my fingers
Tingle already ! *[makes threatening signs.*

GLYCINE *(aside).*

Ha ! Bethlen coming this way !

[Glycine then cries out as if afraid of being beaten.

Oh, save me ! save me ! Pray don't kill me, Laska !

Enter BETHLEN in an Hunting Dress.

BETHLEN.

What, beat a woman !

LASKA *(to Glycine).*

O you cockatrice !

BETHLEN.

Unmanly dastard, hold !

LASKA *(pompously).*

Do you chance to know

Who—I—am, Sir ?—(S'death ! how black he looks !)

BETHLEN.

I have started many strange beasts in my time,
But none less like a man, than this before me
That lifts his hand against a timid female.

LASKA.

Bold youth ! she's mine.

GLYCINE.

No, not my master yet,
But only *is* to be ; and all, because
Two years ago my lady asked me, and
I promised *her*, not *him* ; and if *she'll* let me,
I'll *hate* you, my lord's steward.

BETHLEN.

Hush, Glycine !

GLYCINE.

Yes, I do Bethlen ; for he just now brought
False witnesses to swear away your life :
Your life, and old Bathory's too.

BETHLEN.

Bathory's !

Where is my father ? Answer, or——Ha ! gone !

[*Laska during this time slinks off the Stage, using
threatening gestures to Glycine.*]

GLYCINE.

Oh, heed not *him* ! I saw you pressing onward,
And did but feign alarm. Dear gallant youth,
It is *your* life they seek !

BETHLEN.

My life ?

GLYCINE.

Alas,

Lady Sarolta even——

BETHLEN.

She does not know me!

GLYCINE.

Oh that she did ! she could not then have spoken
With such stern countenance. But though she spurn
me,

I will kneel, Bethlen—

BETHLEN.

Not for me, Glycine !

What have I done ? or whom have I offended ?

GLYCINE.

Rash words, 'tis said, and treasonous of the king.

*[Bethlen mutters to himself indignantly.]*GLYCINE (*aside*).

So looks the statue, in our hall, o' the god
The shaft just flown that killed the serpent !

BETHLEN (*muttering aside*).

King !

GLYCINE.

Ah, often have I wished *you* were a king.
You would protect the helpless every where,
As you did us. And I, too, should not then
Grieve for you, Bethlen, as I do ; nor have
The tears come in my eyes ; nor dream bad dreams
That you were killed in the forest ; and then Laska
Would have no right to rail at me, nor say

(Yes, the base man, he says,) that I—I love you.

BETHLEN.

Pretty Glycine! wert thou not betrothed—
But in good truth I know not what I speak.
This luckless morning I have been so haunted
With my own fancies, starting up like omens,
That I feel like one, who waking from a dream
Both asks and answers wildly.—But Bathory?

GLYCINE.

Hist! 'tis my lady's step! She must not see you!

[*Bethlen retires.*]

Enter from the Cottage SAROLTA and BATHORY.

SAROLTA.

Go, seek your son! I need not add be speedy—

You here, Glycine? [Exit Bathory.]

GLYCINE.

Pardon, pardon Madam!

If you but saw the old man's son, you would not,
You could not have him harmed.

SAROLTA.

Be calm, Glycine!

GLYCINE.

No, I shall break my heart.

[*Sobbing.*]

SAROLTA (*taking her hand*).

Ha! is it so?

O strange and hidden power of sympathy,

That of like fates, though all unknown to each,
Dost make blind instincts, orphan's heart to orphan's
Drawing by dim disquiet !

GLYCINE.

Old Bathory—

SAROLTA.

Seeks his brave son. Come, wipe away thy tears.
Yes, in good truth, Glycine, this same Bethlen
Seems a most noble and deserving youth.

GLYCINE.

My lady does not mock me ?

SAROLTA.

Where is Laska ?

Has he not told thee ?

GLYCINE.

Nothing. In his fear—

Anger, I mean—stole off—I am so fluttered—
Left me abruptly—

SAROLTA.

His shame excuses him !

He is somewhat hardly tasked ; and in discharging
His own tools, cons a lesson for himself.
Bathory and the youth henceforward live
Safe in my lord's protection.

GLYCINE.

The saints bless you !

Shame on my graceless heart ! How dared I fear,
Lady Sarolta could be cruel ?

SAROLTA.

Come,

Be yourself, girl !

GLYCINE.

O, 'tis so full *here* ! [at her heart.

And now it can not harm him if I tell you,
That the old man's son—

SAROLTA.

Is *not* that old man's son !

A destiny, not unlike thine own, is his.

For all I know of *thee* is, that thou art

A soldier's orphan : left when rage intestine

Shook and engulfed the pillars of Illyria.

This other fragment, thrown back by that same earth-
quake,

This, so mysteriously inscribed by nature,

Perchance may piece out and interpret thine.

Command thyself ! Be secret ! His true father——

Hear'st thou ?

GLYCINE (*eagerly*).

O tell—

BETHLEN (*who had overheard the last few words,
now rushes out*).

Yes, tell me, Shape from heaven !

Who is my father?

SAROLTA (*gazing with surprise*).

Thine? *Thy* father? Rise!

GLYCINE.

Alas! He hath alarmed you, my dear lady!

SAROLTA.

His countenance, not his act!

GLYCINE.

Rise, Bethlen! Rise!

BETHLEN.

No; kneel thou too! and with thy orphan's tongue

Plead for me! I am rooted to the earth

And have no power to rise! Give me a father!

There is a prayer in those uplifted eyes

That seeks high Heaven! But I will overtake it,

And bring it back, and make it plead for me

In thine own heart! Speak! Speak! Restore to me

A name in the world!

SAROLTA.

By that blest Heaven I gazed at,

I know not who thou art. And if I knew,

Dared I—But rise!

BETHLEN.

Blest spirits of my parents,

Ye hover o'er me now! Ye shine upon me!

And like a flower that coils forth from a ruin,

I feel and seek the light, I can not see!

SAROLTA.

Thou see'st yon dim spot on the mountain's ridge,
But what it is thou know'st not. Even such
Is all I know of thee—haply, brave youth,
Is all Fate makes it safe for thee to know!

BETHLEN.

Safe? Safe? O let me then inherit danger,
And it shall be my birth-right!

SAROLTA (*aside*).

That look again!—

The wood which first incloses, and then skirts
The highest track that leads across the mountains—
Thou know'st it Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Lady, 'twas my wont
To roam there in my childhood oft alone
And mutter to myself the name of father.
For still Bathory (why, till now I guessed not)
Would never hear it from my lips, but sighing
Gazed upward. Yet of late an idle terror——

GLYCINE.

Madam, that wood is haunted by the war-wolves,
Vampires, and monstrous——

SAROLTA (*with a smile*).

Moon-calves, credulous girl!

Haply some o'ergrown savage of the forest
Hath his lair there, and fear hath framed the rest.

[then speaking again to Bethlen.]

After that last great battle, (O young man!
Thou wakest anew my life's sole anguish) that
Which fixed Lord Emerick on his throne, Bathory
Led by a cry, far inward from the track,
In the hollow of an oak, as in a nest,
Did find thee, Bethlen, then an helpless babe.
The robe, that wrapt thee, was a widow's mantle.

BETHLEN.

An infant's weakness doth relax my frame.
O say—I fear to ask——

SAROLTA.

And I to tell thee.

BETHLEN.

Strike! O strike quickly! See, I do not shrink.

[striking his breast.]

I am stone, cold stone.

SAROLTA.

Hid in a brake hard by,
Scarce by both palms supported from the earth,
A wounded lady lay, whose life fast waning
Seemed to survive itself in her fixt eyes,
That strained towards the babe. At length one arm
Painfully from her own weight disengaging,

She pointed first to heaven, then from her bosom
Drew forth a golden casket. Thus entreated
Thy foster-father took thee in his arms,
And kneeling spake : If aught of this world's comfort
Can reach thy heart, receive a poor man's troth,
That at my life's risk I will save thy child !
Her countenance worked, as one that seemed preparing
A loud voice, but it died upon her lips
In a faint whisper, " Fly ! Save him ! Hide—hide all ! "

BETHLEN.

And did he leave her ? What had I a mother ?
And left her bleeding, dying ? Bought I vile life
With the desertion of a dying mother ?
Oh agony ?

GLYCINE.

Alas ! thou art bewildered,
And dost forget thou wert an helpless infant !

BETHLEN.

What else can I remember, but a mother
Mangled and left to perish ?

SAROLTA.

Hush, Glycine !

It is the ground-swell of a teeming instinct :
Let it but lift itself to air and sunshine,
And it will find a mirror in the waters,
It now makes boil above it. Check him not !

BETHLEN.

O that I were diffused among the waters
That pierce into the secret depths of earth,
And find their way in darkness! Would that I
Could spread myself upon the homeless winds!
And I would seek her! for she is not dead!
She *can not* die! O pardon gracious lady!
You were about to say, that he returned—

SAROLTA.

Deep Love, the godlike in us, still believes
Its objects as immortal as itself!

BETHLEN.

And found her still—

SAROLTA.

Alas! he did return,
He left no spot unsearched in all the forest,
But she (I trust me by some friendly hand)
Had been borne off.

BETHLEN.

O whither?

GLYCINE.

Dearest Bethlen!

I would that you could weep like me! O do not
Gaze so upon the air!

SAROLTA (*continuing the story*).

While he was absent

A friendly troop, 'tis certain, scoured the wood,
Hotly pursued indeed by Emerick.

BETHLEN.

Emerick.

Oh Hell!

GLYCINE (*to silence him*).

Bethlen!

BETHLEN.

Hist! I'll curse him in a whisper!

This gracious lady must hear blessings only.
She hath not yet the glory round her head,
Nor those strong eagle wings, which made swift way
To that appointed place, which I must seek :
Or else *she* were my mother!

SAROLTA.

Noble youth!

From me fear nothing! Long time have I owed
Offerings of expiation for misdeeds
Long passed that weigh me down, though innocent!
Thy foster-father hid the secret from thee,
For he perceived thy thoughts as they expanded,
Proud, restless, and ill-sorting with thy state!
Vain was his care! Thou'st made thyself suspected
E'en where Suspicion reigns, and asks no proof
But its own fears! Great Nature hath endowed thee
With her best gifts! From me thou shalt receive
All honourable aidance! But haste hence!

Travel will ripen thee, and enterprize
Beseeems thy years! Be thou henceforth *my* soldier!
And whatsoe'er betide thee, still believe
That in each noble deed, achieved or suffered,
Thou solvest best the riddle of thy birth!
And may the light that streams from thine own honour
Guide thee to that thou seekest!

GLYCINE.

Must he leave us?

BETHLEN.

And for such goodness can I return nothing,
But some hot tears that sting mine eyes? Some sighs
That if not breathed would swell my heart to stifling?
May heaven and thine own virtues, high-born lady,
Be as a shield of fire, far, far aloof
To scare all evil from thee! Yet, if fate
Hath destined thee one doubtful hour of danger,
From the uttermost region of the earth, methinks,
Swift as a spirit invoked, I should be with thee!
And then, perchance, I might have power to unbosom
These thanks that struggle here. Eyes fair as thine
Have gazed on me with tears of love and anguish,
Which these eyes saw not, or beheld unconscious;
And tones of anxious fondness, passionate prayers,
Have been talked to me! But this tongue ne'er soothed
A mother's ear, lisping a mother's name?

O, at how dear a price have I been loved
And no love could return! One boon then, lady!
Where'er thou bid'st, I go thy faithful soldier,
But first must trace the spot, where she lay bleeding
Who gave me life. No more shall beast of ravine
Affront with baser spoil that sacred forest!
Or if avengers more than human haunt there,
Take they what shape they list, savage or heavenly,
They shall make answer to me, though my heart's
 blood
Should be the spell to bind them. Blood calls for
 blood!

[*Erit Bethlen.*

SAROLTA.

Ah! it was this I feared. To ward off this
Did I withhold from him that old Bathory
Returning hid beneath the self-same oak,
Where the babe lay, the mantle, and some jewel
Bound on his infant arm.

GLYCINE.

 Oh, let me fly
And stop him! Mangled limbs do there lie scattered
Till the lured eagle bears them to her nest.
And voices have been heard! And there the plant
 grows
That being eaten gives the inhuman wizard

Power to put on the fell Hyæna's shape.

SAROLTA.

What idle tongue hath bewitched *thee*, Glycine?

I hoped that thou had'st learnt a nobler faith.

GLYCINE.

O chide me not, dear lady; question Laska,
Or the old man.

SAROLTA.

Forgive me, I spake harshly.

It is indeed a mighty sorcery

That doth enthrall thy young heart, my poor girl,

And what hath Laska told thee?

GLYCINE.

Three days past

A courier from the king did cross that wood;

A wilful man, that armed himself on purpose:

And never hath been heard of from that time!

[sound of horns without.]

SAROLTA.

Hark! dost thou hear it?

GLYCINE.

'Tis the sound of horns!

Our huntsmen are not out!

SAROLTA.

Lord Casimir

Would not come thus!

[horns again.]

ZAPOLYA.

GLYCINE.

Still louder !

SAROLTA.

Haste we hence !

For I believe in part thy tale of terror !

But, trust me, 'tis the inner man transformed :

Beasts in the shape of men are worse than war-wolves.

[*Sarolta and Glycine exeunt. Trumpets, &c. louder.**Enter EMERICK, LORD RUDOLPH, LASKA, and
Huntsmen and Attendants.*

RUDOLPH.

A gallant chace, sire.

EMERICK.

Aye, but this new quarry

That we last started seems worth all the rest.

[*then to Laska.*

And you—excuse me—what's your name ?

LASKA.

Whatever

Your majesty may please.

EMERICK.

Nay, that's too late, man.

Say, what thy mother and thy godfather

Were pleased to call thee.

LASKA.

Laska, my liege sovereign.

EMERICK.

Well, my liege subject Laska! And you are
Lord Casimir's steward?

LASKA.

And your majesty's creature.

EMERICK.

Two gentle dames made off at our approach.
Which was your lady?

LASKA.

My liege lord, the taller.

The other, please your grace, is her poor handmaid,
Long since betrothed to me. But the maid's froward—
Yet would your grace but speak—

EMERICK.

Hum, master steward!

I am honoured with this sudden confidence.

Lead on.

[*to Laska, then to Rudolph.*]

Lord Rudolph, you'll announce our coming.

Greet fair Sarolta from me, and entreat her
To be our gentle hostess. Mark, you add
How much we grieve, that business of the state
Hath forced us to delay her lord's return.

LORD RUDOLPH (*aside*).

Lewd, ingrate tyrant! Yes, I will announce thee.

EMERICK.

Now onward all.

[*Exeunt attendants.*]

EMERICK (*solus*).

A fair one by my faith !

If her face rival but her gait and stature,
My good friend Casimir had *his* reasons too.

“ *Her tender health, her vow of strict retirement,*
“ *Made early in the convent—His word pledged—*”
All fictions, all ! fictions of jealousy.

Well ! If the mountain move not to the prophet,
The prophet must to the mountain ! In this Laska
There’s somewhat of the knave mixed up with dolt.
Through the transparence of the fool, methought,
I saw (as I could lay my finger on it)
The crocodile’s eye, that peered up from the bottom.
This knave may do us service. Hot ambition
Won me the husband. Now let vanity
And the resentment for a forced seclusion
Decoy the wife ! Let him be deemed the aggressor
Whose cunning and distrust began the game !

[*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A savage wood. At one side a cavern, overhung with ivy. ZAPOLYA and RAAB KIUPRILI discovered: both, but especially the latter, in rude and savage garments.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Heard you then aught while I was slumbering?

ZAPOLYA.

Nothing.

Only your face became convulsed. We miserable!
Is heaven's last mercy fled? Is sleep grown treacherous?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

O for a sleep, for sleep itself to rest in!
I dreamt I had met with food beneath a tree
And I was seeking you, when all at once
My feet became entangled in a net:
Still more entangled as in rage I tore it,
At length I freed myself, had sight of you,
But as I hastened eagerly, again
I found my frame encumbered: a huge serpent
Twined round my chest, but tightest round my throat.

ZAPOLYA.

Alas! 'twas lack of food: for hunger choaks!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

And now I saw you by a shrivelled child
Strangely pursued. You did not fly, yet neither
Touched you the ground methought, but close above it
Did seem to shoot yourself along the air,
And as you passed me, turned your face and shrieked.

ZAPOLYA.

I did in truth send forth a feeble shriek,
Scarce knowing why. Perhaps the mock'd sense
craved

To *hear* the scream, which you but seemed to utter.
For your whole face looked like a mask of torture!
Yet a child's image doth indeed pursue me
Shrivelled with toil and penury!

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Nay! what ails you?

ZAPOLYA.

A wondrous faintness there comes stealing o'er me.
Is it Death's lengthening shadow, who comes onward,
Life's setting sun behind him?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Cheerly! The dusk
Will quickly shroud us. Ere the moon be up,
Trust me I'll bring thee food!

ZAPOLYA.

Hunger's tooth has
Gnawn itself blunt. O, I could queen it well
O'er my own sorrows as my rightful subjects.
But wherefore, O revered Kiuprili! wherefore
Did my importunate prayers, my hopes and fancies,
Force thee from thy secure though sad retreat?
Would that my tongue had then cloven to my mouth!
But Heaven is just! With tears I conquered thee,
And not a tear is left me to repent with!
Had'st thou not done already—had'st thou not
Suffered—oh, more than e'er man feigned of friend-
ship?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Yet be thou comforted! What! had'st thou faith
When I turned back incredulous? 'Twas thy light
That kindled mine. And shall it now go out,
And leave thy soul in darkness? Yet look up,
And think thou see'st thy sainted lord commissioned
And on his way to aid us? Whence those late dreams,
Which after such long interval of hopeless
And silent resignation all at once
Night after night commanded thy return
Hither? and still presented in clear vision
This wood as in a scene? this very cavern?

Thou darest not doubt that Heaven's especial hand
 Worked in those signs. The hour of thy deliverance
 Is on the stroke :—for Misery can not add
 Grief to thy griefs, or Patience to thy sufferance !

ZAPOLYA.

Can not ! Oh, what if thou were taken from me ?
 Nay, thou said'st well : for that and death were one.
Life's grief is at its height indeed ; the hard
 Necessity of this inhuman state
 Has made our deeds inhuman as our vestments.
 Housed in this wild wood, with wild usages,
 Danger our guest, and famine at our portal—
 Wolf-like to prowl in the shepherd's fold by night !
 At once for food and safety to affrighten
 The traveller from his road—

[*Glycine is heard singing without.*]

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Hark ! heard you not
 A distant chaunt ?

SONG, BY GLYCINE.

A sunny shaft did I behold,
 From sky to earth it slanted :
 And poised therein a bird so bold—
 Sweet bird, thou wert enchanted !

He sunk, he rose, he twinkled, he trolled
Within that shaft of sunny mist ;
His eyes of fire, his beak of gold,
All else of amethyst !

And thus he sang : “ Adieu ! adieu !
Love’s dreams prove seldom true.
The blossoms, they make no delay :
The sparkling dew-drops will not stay.
Sweet month of May,
We must away ;
Far, far away !
To day ! to day ! ”

ZAPOLYA.

Sure ’tis some blest spirit !
For since thou slew’st the usurper’s emissary
That plunged upon us, a more than mortal fear
Is as a wall, that wards off the beleaguerer
And starves the poor besieged. [song again.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

It is a maiden’s voice ! quick to the cave !

ZAPOLYA.

Hark ! her voice falters ! [Exit Zapolya.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She must not enter
The cavern, else I will remain unseen !

[*Kiuprili retires to one side of the stage.* GLYCINE enters singing.

GLYCINE (*fearfully*).

A savage place! saints shield me! Bethlen! Bethlen!
Not here?—There's no one here! I'll sing again.

[*sings again.*

If I do not hear my own voice, I shall fancy
Voices in all chance sounds! [starts.

'Twas some dry branch
Dropt of itself! Oh, he went forth so rashly,
Took no food with him—only his arms and boar-spear!
What if I leave these cakes, this cruse of wine,
Here by this cave, and seek him with the rest?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*unseen*).

Leave them and flee!

GLYCINE (*shrieks, then recovering*).

Where are you?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Leave them!

GLYCINE.

'Tis Glycine!

Speak to me Bethlen! speak in your own voice!
All silent!—If this were the war-wolf's den!
'Twas not his voice!—

[*Glycine leaves the provisions and exit fearfully.*
Kiuprili comes forward, seizes them and carries

them into the cavern. Glycine returns, having recovered herself.

GLYCINE.

Shame ! Nothing hurt me !

If some fierce beast have gored him, he must needs
Speak with a strange voice. Wounds cause thirst
and hoarseness !

Speak Bethlen ! or but moan. St—St——No-Bethlen !

If I turn back and he should be found dead here,

[she creeps nearer and nearer to the cavern.

I should go mad !—Again !—’Twas my own heart !

Hush coward heart ! better beat loud with fear,

Than break with shame and anguish !

[as she approaches to enter the cavern, Kiuprili stops her. Glycine shrieks.

Saints protect me !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear then by all thy hopes, by all thy fears—

GLYCINE.

Save me !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Swear secrecy and silence !

GLYCINE.

I swear !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Tell what thou art, and what thou seekest ?

GLYCINE.

Only

A harmless orphan youth, to bring him food—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Wherefore in this wood ?

GLYCINE.

Alas ! it was his purpose—

RAAB KIUPRILI.

With what intention came he ? Would'st thou save
him,

Hide nothing !

GLYCINE.

Save him ! O forgive his rashness !

He is good, and did not know that thou wert human !

RAAB KIUPRILI (*repeats the word*).

Human ?

[*then sternly.*]

With what design ?

GLYCINE.

To kill thee, or

If that thou wert a spirit, to compel thee

By prayers, and with the shedding of his blood,

To make disclosure of his parentage.

But most of all—

ZAPOLYA (*rushing out from the cavern*).

Heaven's blessing on thee ! Speak !

GLYCINE.

Whether his Mother live, or perished here !

ZAPOLYA.

Angel of Mercy, I was perishing
And thou did'st bring me food : and now thou bring'st
The sweet, sweet food of hope and consolation
To a mother's famished heart ! His name, sweet
maiden !

GLYCINE.

E'en till this morning we were wont to name him
Bethlen Bathory !

ZAPOLYA.

Even till this morning ?

This morning ? when my weak faith failed me wholly !
Pardon, O thou that portion'st out our sufferance,
And fill'st again the widow's empty cruse !
Say on !

GLYCINE.

The false ones charged the valiant youth
With treasonous words of Emerick—

ZAPOLYA.

Ha ! my son !

GLYCINE.

And of Lord Casimir—

RAAB KIUPRILI (*aside*).

O agony ! *my* son !

GLYCINE.

But my dear lady—

ZAPOLYA *and* RAAB KIUPRILI.

Who?

GLYCINE.

Lady Sarolta

Frowned and discharged these bad men.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*turning off, and to himself*).

Righteous heaven

Sent me a daughter once, and I repined

That it was not a son. A son was given me.

My daughter died, and I scarce shed a tear:

And lo! that son became my curse and infamy.

ZAPOLYA (*embraces Glycine*).

Sweet innocent! and you came here to seek him,

And bring him food. Alas! thou fear'st?

GLYCINE.

Not much!

My own dear lady, when I was a child

Embraced me oft, but her heart never beat so.

For I too am an orphan, motherless!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*to Zapolya*).

O yet beware, lest hope's brief flash but deepen

The after gloom, and make the darkness stormy!

In that last conflict, following our escape,

The usurper's cruelty had clogged our flight

With many a babe, and many a childing mother.
This maid herself is one of numberless
Planks from the same vast wreck.

[*then to Glycine again.*

Well! Casimir's wife—

GLYCINE.

She is always gracious, and so praised the old man
That his heart o'erflowed, and made discovery
That in this wood—

ZAPOLYA (*in agitation*).

O speak!

GLYCINE.

A wounded lady—

[*Zapolya faints—they both support her.*

GLYCINE.

Is this his mother?

RAAB KIUPRILI.

She would fain believe it,
Weak though the proofs be. Hope draws towards itself
The flame with which it kindles.

[*horn heard without.*

To the cavern!

Quick! quick!

GLYCINE.

Perchance some huntsmen of the king's.

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Emerick?

GLYCINE.

He came this morning—

(*They retire to the cavern, bearing Zapolya. Then enter BETHLEN armed with a boar-spear.*)

BETHLEN.

I had a glimpse
Of some fierce shape ; and but that Fancy often
Is Nature's intermeddler, and cries halves
With the outward sight, I should believe I saw it
Bear off some human prey. O my preserver !
Bathory ! Father ! Yes, thou deserv'st that name !
Thou did'st not mock me ! These are blessed findings !
The secret cypher of my destiny

[*Looking at his signet.*

Stands here inscribed : it is the seal of fate !
Ha !—(*Observing the cave.*) Had ever monster fitting
lair, 'tis yonder !

Thou yawning Den, I well remember thee !
Mine eyes deceived me not. Heaven leads me on !
Now for a blast, loud as a king's defiance,
To rouse the monster couchant o'er his ravine !

[*Blows the horn—then a pause.*

Another blast ! and with another swell
To you, ye charmed watchers of this wood !
If haply I have come, the rightful heir
Of vengeance : if in me survive the spirits

Of those, whose guiltless blood flowed streaming here!

[*Blows again louder.*

Still silent? Is the monster gorged? Heaven shield
me!

Thou, faithful spear! be both my torch and guide.

(*As Bethlen is about to enter, Kiuprili speaks from
the cavern unseen.*)

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Withdraw thy foot! Retract thine idle spear
And wait obedient!

BETHLEN (*in amazement*).

Ha! What art thou? speak!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Avengers!

BETHLEN.

By a dying mother's pangs

E'en such am I. Receive me!

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Wait! Beware!

At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light,
Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!

BETHLEN.

Ha! see my boar-spear trembles like a reed!—

Oh, fool! mine eyes are duped by my own shud-
dering.—

Those piled thoughts, built up in solitude,
 Year following year, that pressed upon my heart
 As on the altar of some unknown God,
 Then, as if touched by fire from heaven descending,
 Blazed up within me at a father's name—
 Do they desert me now!—at my last trial?
 VOICE of command! and thou, O hidden LIGHT!
 I have obeyed! Declare ye by what name
 I dare invoke you! Tell what sacrifice
 Will make you gracious.

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Patience! Truth! Obedience!

Be thy whole soul transparent! so the Light,
 Thou seekest, may enshrine itself within thee!
 Thy name?

BETHLEN.

Ask rather the poor roaming savage,
 Whose infancy no holy rite had blest.
 To him, perchance rude spoil or ghastly trophy,
 In chase or battle won, have given a name.
 I have none—but like a dog have answered
 To the chance sound which he that fed me, called me

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

Thy birth-place?

BETHLEN.

Deluding spirits! Do ye mock me?

Question the Night ! Bid Darkness tell its birth-place ?
Yet hear ! Within yon old oak's hollow trunk,
Where the bats cling, have I surveyed my cradle !
The mother-falcon hath her nest above it,
And in it the wolf litters !——I invoke you,
Tell me, ye secret ones ! if ye beheld me
As I stood there, like one who having delved
For hidden gold hath found a talisman,
O tell ! what rights, what offices of duty
This signet doth command ? What rebel spirits
Owe homage to its Lord ?

RAAB KIUPRILI (*still unseen*).

More, guiltier, mightier,
Than thou mayest summon ! Wait the destined hour !

BETHLEN.

O yet again, and with more clamorous prayer,
I importune ye ! Mock me no more with shadows !
This sable mantle—tell, dread voice ! did this
Enwrap one fatherless ?

ZAPOLYA (*unseen*).

One fatherless !

BETHLEN (*starting*).

A sweeter voice !—A voice of love and pity !
Was it the softened echo of mine own ?
Sad echo ! but the hope, it kill'd, was sickly,
And ere it died it had been mourned as dead !

One other hope yet lives within my soul:
Quick let me ask!—while yet this stifling fear,
This stop of the heart, leaves utterance!—Are—are
these

The sole remains of her that gave me life?
Have I a mother?

(ZAPOLYA rushes out to embrace him. BETHLEN
starts).

Ha!

ZAPOLYA (*embracing him*).

My son! my son!

A wretched—Oh no, no! a blest—a happy mother!
[*They embrace. Kiuprili and Glycine come forward
and the curtain drops.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*A stately room in Lord Casimir's castle. Enter
EMERICK and LASKA.*

EMERICK.

I do perceive thou hast a tender conscience,
Laska, in all things that concern thine own
Interest or safety.

LASKA.

In this sovereign presence
I can fear nothing, but your dread displeasure.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou think'st it strange, that *I* of all men
Should covet thus the love of fair Soralta,
Dishonouring Casimir ?

LASKA.

Far be it from me !

Your Majesty's love and choice bring honour with them.

EMERICK.

Perchance, thou hast heard, that Casimir is my friend,
Fought for me, yea, for my sake, set at nought
A parent's blessing ; braved a father's curse ?

LASKA (*aside*).

Would I but knew now, what his Majesty meant !
Oh yes, Sire ! 'tis our common talk, how Lord
Kiuprili, my Lord's father—

EMERICK.

'Tis your talk,

Is it, good statesman Laska ?

LASKA.

No, not mine,

Not mine, an please your Majesty ! There are
Some insolent malcontents indeed that talk thus—
Nay worse, mere treason. As Bathory's son,
The fool that ran into the monster's jaws.

EMERICK.

Well, 'tis a loyal monster if he rids us

Of traitors ! But ar't sure the youth's devoured ?

LASKA.

Not a limb left an please your Majesty !

And that unhappy girl—

EMERICK.

Thou followed'st her

Into the wood ?

[*Laska bows assent.*]

Henceforth then I'll believe

That jealousy can make a hare a lion.

LASKA.

Scarce had I got the first glimpse of her veil

When, with a horrid roar that made the leaves

Of the wood shake—

EMERICK.

Made thee shake like a leaf !

LASKA.

The war-wolf leapt ; at the first plunge he seized her ;

Forward I rushed !

EMERICK.

Most marvellous !

LASKA.

Hurled my javelin ;

Which from his dragon-scales recoiling—

EMERICK.

Enough !

And take, friend, this advice. When next thou
 tonguest it,
 Hold constant to thy exploit with this monster,
 And leave untouched your *common talk* aforesaid,
 What your Lord did, or should have done.

LASKA.

My talk ?

The saints forbid ! I always said, for my part,
 “ *Was not the king Lord Casimir’s dearest friend ?*
 “ *Was not that friend a king ? Whate’er he did*
 “ *’Twas all from pure love to his Majesty.*”

EMERICK.

And this then was *thy* talk ? While knave and coward,
 Both strong within thee, wrestle for the uppermost,
 In slips the fool and takes the place of both,
 Babblers ! Lord Casimir did, as thou and all men.
 He loved himself, loved honours, wealth, dominion.
 All these were set upon a father’s head :
 Good truth ! a most unlucky accident !
 For he but wished to hit the prize ; not graze
 The head that bore it : so with steady eye
 Off flew the parricidal arrow.—Even
 As Casimir loved Emerick, Emerick
 Loves Casimir, intends *him* no dishonour.
 He winked not then, for love of *me* forsooth !
 For love of me now let him wink ! Or if

The dame prove half as wise as she is fair,
He may still pass his hand, and find all smooth.

[passing his hand across his brow.]

LASKA.

Your Majesty's reasoning has convinced me.

EMERICK *(with a slight start, as one who had been talking aloud to himself: then with scorn).*

Thee!

'Tis well! and more than meant. For by my faith
I had half forgotten thee.—Thou hast the key?

[Laska bows.]

And in your lady's chamber there's full space?

LASKA.

Between the wall and arras to conceal you.

EMERICK.

Here! This purse is but an earnest of thy fortune,
If thou prov'st faithful. But if thou betrayest me,
Hark you!—the wolf, that shall drag *thee* to his den
Shall be no fiction.

[Exit Emerick. Laska manet with a key in one hand, and a purse in the other.]

LASKA.

Well then! Here I stand,
Like Hercules, on either side a goddess.
Call this *(looking at the purse.)*
Preferment; this *(holding up the key.)* Fidelity!

And first my golden goddess : what bids she ?
 Only :—" *This way your Majesty ! hush ! The house-
 hold*

Are all safe lodged."—Then, put Fidelity
 Within her proper wards, just turn her round—
 So—the door opens—and for all the rest,
 'Tis the king's deed, not Laska's. Do but this
 And—" *I'm the mere earnest of your future fortunes.*"
 But what says the other ?—Whisper on ! I hear you !
[*putting the key to his ear.*

All very true !—but, good Fidelity !
 If I refuse king Emerick, will you promise,
 And swear now, to unlock the dungeon door,
 And save me from the hangman ? Aye ! you're silent !
 What not a word in answer ? A clear nonsuit !
 Now for one look to see that all are lodged
 At the due distance—then—yonder lies the road
 For Laska and his royal friend king Emerick !

[*Exit Laska. Then enter BATHORY and BETHLEN.*

BETHLEN.

He looked as if he were some God disguised
 In an old warrior's venerable shape
 To guard and guide my mother. Is there not
 Chapel or oratory in this mansion ?

OLD BATHORY.

Even so.

BETHLEN.

From that place then am I to take
 A helm and breast-plate, both inlaid with gold,
 And the good sword that once was Raab Kiuprili's.

OLD BATHORY.

Those very arms this day Sarolta show'd me—
 With wistful look. I'm lost in wild conjectures!

BETHLEN.

O tempt me not, e'en with a wandering guess,
 To break the first command a mother's will
 Imposed, a mother's voice made known to me!
"Ask not my son;" said she, "our names or thine.
The shadow of the eclipse is passing off
The full orb of thy destiny! Already
The victor Crescent glitters forth and sheds
O'er the yet lingering haze a phantom light.
Thou canst not hasten it! Leave then to Heaven
The work of Heaven: and with a silent spirit
Sympathize with the powers that work in silence!"
 Thus spake she, and she looked, as she were then
 Fresh from some heavenly vision!

[*Re-enter Laska, not perceiving them.*

LASKA.

All asleep!

[*Then observing Bethlen, stands in idiot-affright.*
 I must speak to it first—Put—put the question!

I'll confess all!

[*Stammering with fear.*]

OLD BATHORY.

Laska! what ails thee, man?

LASKA (*pointing to Bethlen*).

There!

OLD BATHORY.

I see nothing! where?

LASKA.

He does not see it!

Bethlen, torment me not!

BETHLEN.

Soft! Rouse him gently!

He hath outwatched his hour, and half asleep,
With eyes half open, mingles sight with dreams.

OLD BATHORY.

Ho! Laska! Don't you know us! 'tis Bathory
And Bethlen!

LASKA (*recovering himself*).

Good now! Ha! ha! An excellent trick.

Afraid? Nay no offence? But I must laugh.

But are you sure now, that 'tis you, yourself.

BETHLEN (*holding up his hand as if to strike him*).
Would'st be convinced?

LASKA.

No nearer, pray! consider!

If it *should* prove his ghost, the touch would freeze me

To a tombstone. No nearer !

BETHLEN.

The fool is drunk !

LASKA (*still more recovering*).

Well now ! I love a brave man to my heart.

I myself braved the monster, and would fain

Have saved the false one from the fate she tempted.

OLD BATHORY.

You, Laska ?

BETHLEN (*to Bathory*).

Mark ! Heaven grant it may be so !

Glycine ?

LASKA.

She ! I traced her by the voice.

You'll scarce believe me, when I say I heard

The close of a song : the poor wretch had been singing :

As if she wished to compliment the war-wolf

At once with music and a meal !

BETHLEN (*to Bathory*).

Mark that !

LASKA.

At the next moment I beheld her running,

Wringing her hands with, "*Bethlen ! O poor Bethlen !*

I almost fear, the sudden noise I made,

Rushing impetuous through the brake, alarmed her.

She stopt, then mad with fear, turned round and ran

Into the monster's gripe. One piteous scream
I heard, There was no second—I—

BETHLEN.

Stop there !

We'll spare your modesty ! Who dares not honour
Laska's brave tongue, and high heroic fancy ?

LASKA.

You too, Sir Knight, have come back safe and sound !
You played the hero at a cautious distance !
Or was it that you sent the poor girl forward
To stay the monster's stomach ? Dainties quickly
Pall on the taste and cloy the appetite !

OLD BATHORY.

Laska, beware ! Forget not what thou art !
Should'st thou but dream thou'rt valiant, cross thyself !
And ache all over at the dangerous fancy !

LASKA.

What then ! you swell upon my lady's favour
High Lords and perilous of one day's growth !
But other judges now sit on the bench !
And haply, Laska hath found audience there,
Where to defend the treason of a son
Might end in lifting up both Son and Father
Still higher ; to a height from which indeed
You both *may* drop, but, spite of fate and fortune,
Will be secured from falling to the ground.

'Tis possible too, young man! that royal Emerick,
At Laska's rightful suit, may make enquiry
By whom seduced, the maid so strangely missing—

BETHLEN.

Soft! my good Laska! might it not suffice,
If to yourself, being Lord Casimir's steward,
I should make record of Glycine's fate?

LASKA.

'Tis well! it shall content me! though your fear
Has all the credit of these lowered tones.

[then very pompously.]

First we demand the manner of her death?

BETHLEN.

Nay! that's superfluous! Have you not just told us,
That you yourself, led by impetuous valour,
Witnessed the whole? My tale's of later date.
After the fate, from which your valour strove
In vain to rescue the rash maid, I saw her!

LASKA.

Glycine?

BETHLEN.

Nay! Dare I accuse wise Laska,
Whose words find access to a monarch's ear,
Of a base, braggart lie? It must have been
Her spirit that appeared to me. But haply
I come too late? It has itself delivered

Its own commission to you?

OLD BATHORY.

'Tis most likely!

And the ghost doubtless vanished, when we entered
And found *brave* Laska staring wide—at nothing!

LASKA.

'Tis well! You've ready wits! I shall report them,
With all due honour, to his Majesty!

Treasure them up, I pray! A certain person,
Whom the king flatters with his confidence,
Tells you, his royal friend asks startling questions!
'Tis but a hint! And now what says the ghost!

BETHLEN.

Listen! for thus it spake: "*Say thou to Laska,
Glycine, knowing all thy thoughts engrossed
In thy new office of king's fool and knave,
Foreseeing thou'lt forget with thine own hand
To make due penance for the wrongs thou'st caused her,
For thy soul's safety, doth consent to take it
From Bethlen's cudgel*"—thus. [beats him off.

Off! scoundrel! off!

[*Laska runs away.*

OLD BATHORY.

The sudden swelling of this shallow dastard
Tells of a recent storm: the first disruption
Of the black cloud that hangs and threatens o'er us.

BETHLEN.

E'en this reproves my loitering. Say where lies
The oratory ?

OLD BATHORY.

Ascend yon flight of stairs !

Midway the corridor a silver lamp
Hangs o'er the entrance of Sarolta's chamber,
And facing it, the low arched oratory !
Me thou'lt find watching at the outward gate :
For a petard might burst the bars, unheard
By the drenched porter, and Sarolta hourly
Expects Lord Casimir, spite of Emerick's message !

BETHLEN.

There I will meet you ! And till then good night !
Dear good old man, good night !

OLD BATHORY.

O yet one moment !

What I repelled, when it did seem my own,
I cling to, now 'tis parting—call me father !
It can not now mislead thee. O my son,
Ere yet our tongues have learnt another name,
Bethlen !—say—Father to me !

BETHLEN.

Now, and for ever

My father ! other sire than thou, on earth
I never had, a dearer could not have !

From the base earth you raised me to your arms,
And I would leap from off a throne, and kneeling,
Ask Heaven's blessing from thy lips. My father!

BATHORY.

Go! Go!

[Bethlen breaks off and exit. Bathory looks affectionately after him.]

May every star now shining over us,
Be as an angel's eye, to watch and guard him!

[Exit Bathory.]

Scene changes to a splendid Bed-chamber, hung with tapestry. SAROLTA in an elegant Night Dress, and an Attendant.

ATTENDANT.

We all did love her, madam!

SAROLTA.

She deserved it!

Luckless Glycine! rash, unhappy girl!

'Twas the first time she e'er deceived me.

ATTENDANT.

She was in love, and had she not died thus,
With grief for Bethlen's loss, and fear of Laska,
She would have pined herself to death at home.

SAROLTA.

Has the youth's father come back from his search?

ATTENDANT.

He never will, I fear me, O dear lady!

'That Laska did so triumph o'er the old man—
 It was quite cruel—" *You'll be sure,*" said he,
 " *To meet with PART at least of your son Bethlen,*
 " *Or the war-wolf must have a quick digestion !*
 " *Go ! Search the wood by all means ! Go ! I pray*
you !"

SAROLTA.

Inhuman wretch!

ATTENDANT.

And old Bathory answered
 With a sad smile, " *It is a witch's prayer,*
And may Heaven read it backwards." Though she was
 rash,

'Twas a small fault for such a punishment !

SAROLTA.

Nay ! 'twas my grief, and not my anger spoke.
 Small fault indeed ! but leave me, my good girl !
 I feel a weight that only prayer can lighten.

[*Exit Attendant.*

O *they* were innocent, and yet have perished
 In their May of life ; and Vice grows old in triumph.
 Is it Mercy's hand, that for the bad man holds
 Life's closing gate ?——
 Still passing thence petitionary Hours
 To woo the obdurate spirit to repentance ?
 Or would this chillness tell me, that there is

Guilt too enormous to be duly punished,
Save by increase of guilt ? The Powers of Evil
Are jealous claimants. Guilt too hath its ordeal
And Hell its own probation !—Merciful Heaven,
Rather than this, pour down upon thy suppliant
Disease, and agony, and comfortless want !
O send us forth to wander on, unsheltered !
Make our food bitter with despised tears !
Let viperous scorn hiss at us as we pass !
Yea, let us sink down at our enemy's gate,
And beg forgiveness and a morsel of bread !
With all the heaviest worldly visitations.
Let the dire father's curse that hovers o'er us
Work out its dread fulfilment, and the spirit
Of wronged Kiuprili be appeased. But only,
Only, O merciful in vengeance ! let not
That plague turn inward on my Casimir's *soul* !
Scare thence the fiend Ambition, and restore him
To his own heart ! O save him ! Save my husband !
[*During the latter part of this speech Emerick
comes forward from his hiding place. Sarolta
seeing him, without recognizing him.*
In such a shape a father's curse should come.
EMERICK (*advancing*).
Fear not !

SAROLTA.

Who art thou? Robber? Traitor?

EMERICK.

Friend!

Who in good hour hath startled these dark fancies,
Rapacious traitors, that would fain depose
Joy, love, and beauty, from their natural thrones:
Those lips, those angel eyes, that regal forehead.

SAROLTA.

Strengthen me Heaven! I must not seem afraid!

[aside.]

The king to night then deigns to play the masker.
What seeks your Majesty?

EMERICK.

Sarolta's love;

And Emerick's power lies prostrate at her feet.

SAROLTA.

Heaven guard the sovereign's power from such de-
basement!

Far rather, Sire, let it descend in vengeance
On the base ingrate, on the faithless slave
Who dared unbar the doors of these retirements!
For whom? Has Casimir deserved this insult?
O my misgiving heart! If—if—from Heaven
Yet not from you, Lord Emerick!

EMERICK.

Chiefly from me.

Has he not like an ingrate robbed my court
Of Beauty's star, and kept my heart in darkness?
First then on him I will administer justice—
If not in mercy, yet in love and rapture. [*seizes her.*

SAROLTA.

Help! Treason! Help!

EMERICK.

Call louder! Scream again

Here's none can hear you!

SAROLTA.

Hear me, hear me, Heaven!

EMERICK.

Nay, why this rage? Who best deserves you? Casimir,
Emerick's bought implement, the jealous slave
That mews you up with bolts and bars? or Emerick
Who proffers you a throne? Nay, mine you shall be.
Hence with this fond resistance! Yield; then live
This month a widow, and the next a queen!

SAROLTA.

Yet, yet for one brief moment [*struggling.*

Unhand me, I conjure you.

[*She throws him off, and rushes towards a toilet.*

*Emerick follows, and as she takes a dagger, he
grasps it in her hand.*

EMERICK.

Ha! Ha! a dagger;
A seemly ornament for a lady's casket!
'Tis held, devotion is akin to love,
But yours is tragic! Love in war! It charms me,
And makes your beauty worth a king's embraces!

(*During this Speech BETHLEN enters armed*).

BETHLEN.

Ruffian forbear! Turn, turn and front my sword!

EMERICK.

Pish! who is this!

SAROLTA.

O sleepless eye of Heaven!
A blest, a blessed spirit! Whence camest thou?
May I still call the Bethlen?

BETHLEN.

Ever, lady,
Your faithful soldier!

EMERICK.

Insolent slave! Depart!
Know'st thou not *me*?

BETHLEN.

I know thou art a villain
And coward! That thy devilish purpose marks thee!
What else, this lady must instruct my sword!

SAROLTA.

Monster retire ! O touch him not, thou blest one !
This is the hour, that fiends and damned spirits
Do walk the earth, and take what form they list !
Yon devil hath assumed a king's !

BETHLEN.

Usurped it !

EMERICK.

The king will play the devil with thee indeed !
But that I mean to hear thee howl on the rack,
I would debase this sword, and lay thee prostrate,
At this thy paramour's feet ; then drag her forth
Stained with adulterous blood, and [*then to Sarolta.*
—mark you, traitress !

Strumpeted first, then turned adrift to beggary !
Thou prayed'st for't too.

SAROLTA.

Thou art so fiendish wicked,
That in thy blasphemies I scarce hear thy threats !

BETHLEN.

Lady, be calm ! fear not this king of the buskin !
A king ? Oh laughter ! A king Bajazet !
That from some vagrant actor's tiring room,
Hath stolen at once his speech and crown !

EMERICK.

Ah ! treason !

Thou hast been lessoned and tricked up for this !
As surely as the wax on thy death-warrant
Shall take the impression of this royal signet,
So plain thy face hath ta'en the mask of rebel !

[Emerick points his hand haughtily towards Bethlen, who catching a sight of the signet, seizes his hand and eagerly observes the signet, then flings the hand back with indignant joy.]

BETHLEN.

It must be so ! 'Tis e'en the counterpart !
But with a foul usurping cypher on it !
The light hath flashed from Heaven, and I must
follow it !

O curst usurper ! O thou brother-murderer !
That madest a star-bright queen a fugitive widow !
Who fillest the land with curses, being thyself
All curses in one tyrant ! see and tremble !
This is Kiuprili's sword that now hangs o'er thee !
Kiuprili's blasting curse, that from its point
Shoots lightnings at thee. Hark ! in Andreas' name,
Heir of his vengeance, hell-hound ! I defy thee.

[They fight, and just as Emerick is disarmed, in rush CASIMIR, OLD BATHORY, and attendants. Casimir runs in between the combatants, and parts them ; in the struggle Bethlen's sword is thrown down.]

CASIMIR.

The king disarmed too by a stranger ! Speak !
What may this mean ?

EMERICK.

Deceived, dishonored lord !
Ask thou yon fair adultress ! She will tell thee
A tale, which would'st thou be both dupe and traitor,
Thou wilt believe against thy friend and sovereign !
Thou art present *now*, and a friend's duty ceases :
To thine own justice leave I thine own wrongs.
Of *half* thy vengeance, I perforce must rob thee,
For *that* the sovereign claims. To thy allegiance
I now commit this traitor and assassin.

[*then to the Attendants.*

Hence with him to the dungeon ! and to-morrow,
Ere the sun rises,—Hark ! your heads or his !

BETHLEN.

Can Hell work miracles to mock Heaven's justice ?

EMERICK.

Who speaks to him dies ! The traitor that has
menaced

His king, must not pollute the breathing air,
Even with a word !

CASIMIR (*to Bathory*).

Hence with him to the dungeon !

[*Exit Bethlen, hurried off by Bathory and Attendants.*

EMERICK.

We hunt to-morrow in your upland forest :
Thou (*to Casimir.*) wilt attend us : and wilt then
explain
This sudden and most fortunate arrival.

[*Exit Emerick ; Manent Casimir and Sarolta.*

SAROLTA.

My lord ! my husband ! look whose sword lies yonder !
[*Pointing to the sword which Bethlen had been
disarmed of by the Attendants.*

It is Kiuprili's, Casimir ; 'tis thy father's !
And wielded by a stripling's arm, it baffled
Yea, fell like Heaven's own lightnings on that Tarquin.

CASIMIR.

Hush ! hush ! [In an under voice.

I had detected ere I left the city
The tyrant's curst intent. Lewd, damned ingrate !
For him did I bring down a father's curse !
Swift swift must be our means ! To-morrow's sun
Sets on his fate or mine ! O blest Sarolta !

[*Embracing her.*

No other prayer, late penitent, dare I offer,
But that thy spotless virtues may prevail
O'er Casimir's crimes, and dread Kiuprili's curse !

[*Exeunt consulting.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

A glade in a wood. Enter CASIMIR looking anxiously around.

CASIMIR.

This needs must be the spot ! O, here he comes !

Enter LORD RUDOLPH.

Well met Lord Rudolph !——

Your whisper was not lost upon my ear,
And I dare trust——

LORD RUDOLPH.

Enough ! the time is precious !

You left Temeswar late on yester-eve ?
And sojourned there some hours ?

CASIMIR.

I did so !

LORD RUDOLPH.

Heard you

Aught of a hunt preparing ?

CASIMIR.

Yes ; and met

The assembled huntsmen !

LORD RUDOLPH.

Was there no word given ?

CASIMIR.

The word for me was this ;—*The royal Leopard*

Chases thy milk-white dedicated Hind.

LORD RUDOLPH.

Your answer ?

CASIMIR.

As the word proves false or true
Will Casimir cross the hunt, or join the huntsmen !

LORD RUDOLPH.

The event redeemed their pledge ?

CASIMIR.

It did, and therefore
Have I sent back both pledge and invitation.
The spotless Hind hath fled to them for shelter,
And bears with her my seal of fellowship !

[*They take hands, &c.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

But Emerick ! how when you reported to him
Sarolta's disappearance, and the flight
Of Bethlen with his guards ?

CASIMIR.

O he received it
As evidence of their mutual guilt. In fine,
With cozening warmth condoled with, and dismissed
me.

LORD RUDOLPH.

I entered as the door was closing on you :
His eye was fixed, yet seemed to follow you :
With such a look of hate, and scorn and triumph,

As if he had you in the toils already,
And were then choosing where to stab you first.
But hush ! draw back !

CASIMIR.

This nook is at the furthest
From any beaten track.

LORD RUDOLPH.

There ! mark them !

[*Points to where LASKA and PESTALUTZ cross
the Stage.*]

CASIMIR.

Laska !

LORD RUDOLPH.

One of the two I recognized this morning ;
His name is Pestalutz : a trusty ruffian,
Whose face is prologue still to some dark murder.
Beware no stratagem, no trick of message,
Dispart you from your servants.

CASIMIR (*aside*).

I deserve it.

The comrade of that ruffian is my servant :
The one I trusted most and most preferred.
But we must part. What makes the king so late
It was his wont to be an early stirrer.

LORD RUDOLPH.

And his main policy
To enthrall the sluggard nature in ourselves

Is, in good truth, the better half of the secret
 To enthral the world : for the will governs all.
 See the sky lowers ! the cross-winds waywardly
 Chase the fantastic masses of the clouds
 With a wild mockery of the coming hunt !

CASIMIR.

Mark yonder mass ! I make it wear the shape
 Of a huge ram that butts with head depressed.

LORD RUDOLPH (*smiling*).

Belike, some stray sheep of the oozy flock,
 Which, if bards lie not, the Sea-shepherds tend,
 Glaucus or Proteus. But *my* fancy shapes it
 A monster couchant on a rocky shelf.

CASIMIR.

Mark too the edges of the lurid mass—
 Restless, as if some idly-vexing Sprite,
 On swift wing coasting by, with tetchy hand
 Pluck'd at the ringlets of the vaporous Fleece.
 These are sure signs of conflict nigh at hand,
 And elemental war !

[*A single trumpet heard at some distance.*

LORD RUDOLPH.

That single blast
 Announces that the tyrant's pawing courser
 Neighs at the gate. [*A volley of trumpets.*
 Hark ! now the king comes forth !
 For ever 'midst this crash of horns and clarions

He mounts his steed, which proudly rears an-end
While he looks round at ease, and scans the crowd,
Vain of his stately form and horsemanship !
I must away ! my absence may be noticed.

CASIMIR.

Oft as thou canst, essay to lead the hunt
Hard by the forest-skirts ; and ere high noon
Expect our sworn confederates from Temeswar.
I trust, ere yet this clouded sun slopes westward,
That Emerick's death, or Casimir's, will appease
The manes of Zapolya and Kiuprili !

[Exit Rudolph and manet Casimir.]

The traitor, Laska !——

And yet Sarolta, simple, inexperienced,
Could see him as he was, and often warned me.
Whence learned she this ?—O she was innocent !
And to be innocent is nature's wisdom !
The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter.
And the young steed recoils upon his haunches,
The never-yet-seen adder's hiss first heard.
O surer than suspicion's hundred eyes
Is that fine sense, which to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil. Casimir !
O fool ! O parricide ! through yon wood did'st thou,
With fire and sword, pursue a patriot father,

A widow and an orphan. Dar'st thou then,
(Curse-laden wretch) put forth these hands to raise
The ark, all sacred, of thy country's cause?
Look down in pity on thy son, Kiuprili!
And let this deep abhorrence of his crime,
Unstained with selfish fears, be his atonement!
O strengthen him to nobler compensation
In the deliverance of his bleeding country!

[*Exit Casimir.*]

Scene changes to the mouth of a Cavern as in Act II.

ZAPOLYA and GLYCINE discovered.

ZAPOLYA.

Our friend is gone to seek some safer cave:
Do not then leave me long alone, Glycine!
Having enjoyed thy commune, loneliness,
That but oppressed me hitherto, now scares.

GLYCINE.

I shall know Bethlen at the furthest distance,
And the same moment I descry him, lady,
I will return to you.

[*Exit Glycine.*]

Enter OLD BATHORY, speaking as he enters.

OLD BATHORY.

Who hears? A friend!

A messenger from him who bears the signet!

[*Zapolya, who had been gazing affectionately after
Glycine, starts at Bathory's voice.*]

ZAPOLYA.

He hath the watch word!—Art thou not Bathory?

OLD BATHORY.

O noble lady! greetings from your son!

[*Bathory kneels.*]

ZAPOLYA.

Rise! rise! Or shall I rather kneel beside thee,
And call down blessings from the wealth of Heaven
Upon thy honoured head? When thou last saw'st me
I would full fain have knelt to thee, and could not,
Thou dear old man! How oft since then in dreams
Have I done worship to thee, as an angel
Bearing my helpless babe upon thy wings!

OLD BATHORY.

O he was born to honour! Gallant deeds
And perilous hath he wrought since yester-eve.
Now from Temeswar (for to him was trusted
A life, save thine, the dearest) he hastes hither—

ZAPOLYA.

Lady Sarolta mean'st thou?

OLD BATHORY.

She is safe.

The royal brute hath overleapt his prey,
And when he turned, a sworded Virtue faced him.
My own brave boy—O pardon, noble lady!
Your son——

ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.

Hark! Is it he?

OLD BATHORY.

I hear a voice
Too hoarse for Bethlen's! 'Twas his scheme and hope,
Long ere the hunters could approach the forest
To have led you hence.—Retire.

ZAPOLYA.

O life of terrors!

OLD BATHORY.

In the cave's mouth we have such 'vantage ground
That even this old arm—

[Exeunt Zapolya and Bathory into the Cave.

Enter LASKA and PESTALUTZ.

LASKA.

Not a step further!

PESTALUTZ.

Dastard! was this your promise to the king?

LASKA.

I have fulfilled his orders. Have walked with you
As with a friend: have pointed out Lord Casimir:
And now I leave you to take care of him.
For the king's purposes are doubtless friendly.

PESTALUTZ (*affecting to start*).

Be on your guard, man!

LASKA (*in affright*).

Ha! what now?

PESTALUTZ.

Behind you!

'Twas one of Satan's imps, that grinned and threat-
ened you

For your most impudent hope to cheat his master!

LASKA.

Pshaw! What you think 'tis fear that makes me
leave you?

PESTALUTZ.

Is't not enough to play the knave to others,
But thou must lie to thine own heart?

LASKA (*pompously*).

Friend! Laska will be found at his own post,
Watching elsewhere for the king's interest.
There's a rank plot that Laska must hunt down,
'Twixt Bethlen and Glycine!

PESTALUTZ (*with a sneer*).

What! the girl

Whom Laska saw the war-wolf tear in pieces?

LASKA (*throwing down a bow and arrows*).

Well! There's my arms! Hark! should your javelin
fail you,

These points are tipt with venom.

[*starts and sees Glycine without.*

By Heaven! Glycine!

Now as you love the king, help me to seize her!

[*They run out after Glycine, and she shrieks without : then enter BATHORY from the cavern.*

OLD BATHORY.

Rest, lady, rest ! I feel in every sinew
A young man's strength returning ! Which way went
they ?

The shriek came thence.

[*Clash of swords, and Bethlen's voice heard from behind the scenes ; GLYCINE enters alarmed ; then, as seeing Laska's bow and arrows.*

GLYCINE.

Ha ! weapons here ? Then, Bethlen, thy Glycine
Will die with thee or save thee !

[*She seizes them and rushes out. Bathory following her. Lively and irregular music, and Peasants with hunting spears cross the stage, singing chorally.*

CHORAL SONG.

Up, up ! ye dames, ye lasses gay !
To the meadows trip away.
'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn,
And scare the small birds from the corn.
Not a soul at home may stay :
For the shepherds must go
With lance and bow
To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

Leave the hearth and leave the house
To the cricket and the mouse :

Find grannam out a sunny seat,
With babe and lambkin at her feet.

Not a soul at home may stay :

For the shepherds must go

With lance and bow

To hunt the wolf in the woods to day.

Re-enter, as the Hnntsman pass off, BATHORY,

BETHLEN, and GLYCINE.

GLYCINE (leaning on Bethlen).

And now once more a woman——

BETHLEN.

Was it then

That timid eye, was it those maiden hands

That sped the shaft, which saved me and avenged me ?

OLD BATHORY (*to Bethlen exultingly*).

'Twas as a vision blazoned on a cloud

By lightning, shaped into a passionate scheme

Of life and death ! I saw the traitor, Laska,

Stoop and snatch up the javelin of his comrade ;

The point was at your back, when her shaft reached
him

The coward turned, and at the self-same instant

The braver villain fell beneath your sword.

Enter ZAPOLYA.

ZAPOLYA.

Bethlen! my child! and safe too!

BETHLEN.

Mother! Queen!

Royal Zapolya! name me Andreas!

Nor blame thy son, if being a king, he yet

Hath made his own arm, minister of his justice.

So do the Gods who launch the thunderbolt!

ZAPOLYA.

O Raab Kiuprili! Friend! Protector! Guide!

In vain we trenched the altar round with waters,

A flash from Heaven hath touched the hidden
incense—

BETHLEN (*hastily*).

And that majestic form that stood beside thee

Was Raab Kiuprili!

ZAPOLYA.

It was Raab Kiuprili;

As sure as thou art Andreas, and the king.

OLD BATHORY.

Hail Andreas! hail my king! [*triumphantly.*

ANDREAS.

Stop, thou revered one,

Lest we offend the jealous destinies

By shouts ere victory. Deem it then thy duty

To pay this homage, when 'tis mine to claim it.

GLYCINE.

Accept thine hand-maid's service! [kneeling.

ZAPOLYA.

Raise her, son!

O raise her to thine arms! she saved thy life,
And through her love for thee, she saved thy mother's!
Hereafter thou shalt know, that this dear maid
Hath other and hereditary claims
Upon thy heart, and with Heaven-guarded instinct
But carried on the work her sire began!

ANDREAS.

Dear maid! more dear thou canst not be! the rest
Shall make my love religion. Haste we hence:
For as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
I heard the noise and uproar of the chace,
Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot.

GLYCINE.

Hark! sure the hunt approaches.

[horn without, and afterwards distant thunder.

ZAPOLYA.

O Kiuprili!

OLD BATHORY.

The demon-hunters of the middle air
Are in full cry, and scare with arrowy fire
The guilty! Hark! now here, now there, a horn

Swells singly with irregular blast ! the tempest
Has scattered them !

[*Horns heard as from different places at a distance.*

ZAPOLYA.

O Heavens ! where stays Kiuprili ?

OLD BATHORY.

The wood will be surrounded ! leave me here.

ANDREAS.

My mother ! let me see *thee* once in safety,
I too will hasten back, with lightning's speed
To seek the hero !

OLD BATHORY.

Haste ! my life upon it

I'll guide him safe.

ANDREAS (*thunder again*).

Ha ! what a crash was there !

Heaven seems to claim a mightier criminal

[*pointing without to the body of Pestalutz.*

Than yon vile subaltern.

ZAPOLYA.

Your behest, High powers,

Low I obey ! to the appointed spirit,

That hath so long kept watch round this drear cavern,

In fervent faith, Kiuprili, I entrust thee !

[*Exeunt Zapolya, Andreas, and Glycine. Andreas
having in haste dropt his sword. Manet Bathory.*

OLD BATHORY.

Yon bleeding corse, (*pointing to Pestalutz's body.*)
 may work us mischief still;

Once seen, 'twill rouse alarm and crowd the hunt
 From all parts towards this spot. Stript of its armour,
 I'll drag it hither.

[*Exit Bathory. After awhile several Hunters cross the stage as scattered. Some time after, enter KIUPRILI in his disguise, fainting with fatigue, and as pursued.*

RAAB KIUPRILI (*throwing off his disguise*).
 Since Heaven alone can save me, Heaven alone
 Shall be my trust.

[*Then speaking as to Zapolya in the Cavern.*

Haste ! haste ! Zapolya flee !

[*He enters the Cavern, and then returns in alarm.*
 Gone ! Seized perhaps ? Oh no, let me not perish
 Despairing of Heaven's justice ! Faint, disarmed,
 Each sinew powerless, senseless rock sustain me !
 Thou art parcel of my native land.

[*Then observing the sword:*

A sword !

Ha ! and *my* sword ! Zapolya hath escaped,
 The murderers are baffled, and there lives
 An Andreas to avenge Kiuprili's fall !—
 There was a time, when this dear sword did flash

As dreadful as the storm-fire from mine arms—
 I can scarce raise it now—yet come, fell tyrant !
 And bring with thee my shame and bitter anguish,
 To end *his* work and thine ! Kiuprili now
 Can take the death-blow as a soldier should.

*Re-enter BATHORY, with the dead body of
 Pestalutz.*

OLD BATHORY.

Poor tool and victim of another's guilt !
 Thou follow'st heavily : a reluctant weight !
 Good truth, it is an undeserved honour
 That in Zapolya and Kiuprili's cave
 A wretch like thee should find a burial-place.

[Then observing Kiuprili.

'Tis he!—In Andreas' and Zapolya's name
 Follow me, reverend form ? Thou needst not speak,
 For thou can'st be no other than Kiuprili !

KIUPRILI.

And are they safe ? *[Noise without.*

OLD BATHORY.

Conceal yourself, my lord !

I will mislead them !

KIUPRILI.

Is Zapolya safe ?

OLD BATHORY.

I doubt it not ; but haste, haste, I conjure you !

[As he retires, in rushes Casimir

CASIMIR (*entering*).

Monster!

Thou shalt not now escape me!

OLD BATHORY.

Stop, lord Casimir!

It is no monster.

CASIMIR,

Art thou too a traitor?

Is this the place where Emerick's murderers lurk?

Say where is he that, tricked in this disguise,

First lured me on, then scared my dastard followers?

Thou must have seen him. Say where is th' assassin?

OLD BATHORY (*pointing to the body of
Pestalutz*).

There lies the assassin! slain by that same sword

That was descending on his curst employer,

When entering thou beheld'st Sarolta rescued!

CASIMIR.

Strange providence! what then was he who fled me?

[*Bathory points to the Cavern, whence Kiuprili
advances.*

Thy looks speak fearful things! Whither, old man!

Would thy hand point me?

OLD BATHORY.

Casimir, to thy father.

CASIMIR (*discovering Kiuprili*).

The curse! the curse! Open and swallow me,

Unsteady earth ! Fall, dizzy rocks ! and hide me !

OLD BATHORY (*to Kiuprili*).

Speak, speak my lord !

KIUPRILI (*holds out the sword to Bathory*).

Bid him fulfil his work !

CASIMIR.

Thou art Heaven's immediate minister, dread spirit!

O for sweet mercy, take some other form,

And save me from perdition and despair !

OLD BATHORY.

He lives !

CASIMIR.

Lives ! A father's curse can never die !

KIUPRILI (*in a tone of pity*).

O Casimir ! Casimir !

OLD BATHORY.

Look ! he doth forgive you !

Hark ! 'tis the tyrant's voice.

[*Emerick's voice without.*]

CASIMIR.

I kneel, I kneel !

Retract thy curse ! O, by my mother's ashes,

Have pity on thy self-aborring child !

If not for me, yet for my innocent wife,

Yet for my country's sake, give my arm strength,

Permitting me again to call thee father !

KIUPRILI.

Son, I forgive thee ! Take thy father's sword ;
 When thou shalt lift it in thy country's cause,
 In that same instant doth thy father bless thee !

[*Kiuprili and Casimir embrace ; they all retire to the Cavern supporting Kiuprili. Casimir as by accident drops his robe, and Bathory throws it over the body of Pestalutz.*

EMERICK (*entering*).

Fools ! Cowards ! follow—or by Hell I'll make you
 Find reason to fear Emerick, more than all
 The mummer-fiends that ever masqueraded
 As gods or wood-nymphs !— [Then sees the body
of Pestalutz, covered by Casimir's cloak.

Ha ! 'tis done then !

Our necessary villain hath proved faithful,
 And there lies Casimir, and our last fears !
 Well !—Aye, well !—

And is it *not* well ? For though grafted on us,
 And filled too with our sap, the deadly power
 Of the parent poison-tree, lurked in its fibres :
 There was too much of Raab Kiuprili in him :
 The old enemy looked at me in his face,
 E'en when his words did flatter me with duty.

[*As Emerick moves towards the body, enter from the Cavern CASIMIR and BATHORY.*

OLD BATHORY (*pointing to where the noise is, and
aside to Casimir*).

This way they come!

CASIMIR (*aside to Bathory*).

Hold them in check awhile,

The path is narrow! Rudolph will assist thee.

EMERICK (*aside, not perceiving Casimir and Bathory,
and looking at the dead body*).

And ere I ring the alarum of my sorrow,

I'll scan that face once more, and murmur—Here

Lies Casimir, the last of the Kiuprilis!

[*uncovers the face, and starts.*

Hell! 'tis Pestalutz!

CASIMIR (*coming forward*).

Yes, thou ingrate Emerick!

'Tis Pestalutz! 'tis thy trusty murderer!

To quell thee more, see Raab Kiuprili's sword!

EMERICK.

Curses on it, and thee! Think'st thou that petty omen

Dare whisper fear to Emerick's destiny?

Ho! Treason! Treason!

CASIMIR.

Then have at thee, tyrant!

[*They fight. Emerick falls.*

EMERICK.

Betrayed and baffled

By mine own tool!——Oh! [dies.

CASIMIR (*triumphantly*).

Hear, hear my father!

Thou should'st have witnessed thine own deed. O

Father,

Wake from that envious swoon! The tyrant's fallen!

Thy sword hath conquered! As I lifted it

Thy blessing did indeed descend upon me;

Dislodging the dread curse. It flew forth from me

And lighted on the tyrant!

Enter RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants.

RUDOLPH and BATHORY (*entering*).

Friends! friends to Casimir!

CASIMIR.

Rejoice, Illyrians! the usurper's fallen.

RUDOLPH.

So perish tyrants! so end usurpation!

CASIMIR.

Bear hence the body, and move slowly on!

One moment——

Devoted to a joy, that bears no witness,

I follow you, and we will greet our countrymen

With the two best and fullest gifts of heaven——

A tyrant fallen, a patriot chief restored!

[*Exeunt Casimir into the Cavern. The rest on the opposite side.*]

*Scene changes to a splendid Chamber in Casimir's
Castle. CONFEDERATES discovered.*

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

It can not but succeed, friends. From this palace
E'en to the wood, our messengers are posted
With such short interspace, that fast as sound
Can travel to us, we shall learn the event !

Enter another CONFEDERATE.

What tidings from Temeswar ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

With one voice

Th' assembled chieftains have deposed the tyrant ;
He is proclaimed the public enemy,
And the protection of the law withdrawn.

FIRST CONFEDERATE.

Just doom for him, who governs without law !
Is it known on whom the sov'reignty will fall ?

SECOND CONFEDERATE.

Nothing is yet decided : but report
Points to Lord Casimir. The grateful memory
Of his renowned father——

Enter SAROLTA.

Hail to Sarolta !

SAROLTA.

Confederate friends ! I bring to you a joy
Worthy your noble cause ! Kirupili lives,

And from his obscure exile, hath returned
 To bless our country. More and greater tidings
 Might I disclose ; but that a woman's voice
 Would mar the wondrous tale. Wait we for him,
 The partner of the glory—Raab Kiuprili ;
 For he alone is worthy to announce it.

*Shouts of “ Kiuprili, Kiuprili,” and “ The Tyrant's
 fallen,” without. Then enter KIUPRILI, CA-
 SIMIR, RUDOLPH, BATHORY, and Attendants,
 after the clamour has subsided.*

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Spare yet your joy, my friends ! A higher waits you :
 Behold, your Queen !

*Enter from opposite side, ZAPOLYA and ANDREAS
 royally attired, with GLYCINE.*

CONFEDERATES.

Comes she from heaven to bless us ?

OTHER CONFEDERATES.

It is ! it is !

ZAPOLYA.

Heaven's work of grace is full !

Kiuprili, thou art safe !

RAAB KIUPRILI.

Royal Zapolya !

To the heavenly powers, pay we our duty first ;
 Who not alone preserved thee, but for thee

How many may claim salvage in thee!

(*pointing to Glycine.*) Take her, son!

A queen that brings with her a richer dowry
Than orient kings can give!

SAROLTA.

A banquet waits!—

On this auspicious day, for some few hours
I claim to be your hostess. Scenes so awful
With flashing light, force wisdom on us all!
E'en women at the distaff hence may see,
That bad men may rebel, but ne'er be free;
May whisper, when the waves of faction foam,
None love their country, but who love their home;
For freedom can with those alone abide,
Who wear the golden chain, with honest pride,
Of love and duty, at their own fire-side:
While mad ambition ever doth caress
Its own sure fate, in its own restlessness!

END OF VOL. II.

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